CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVIII, NO. 51 CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1920. 5 CENTS A COPY.

$5 REWARD

to Any One Reading
Pages 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6

WITHOUT A SMILE!

You Said It.
It's the Annual
Smile Number,
Including a Story by
OPIE READ

CHICAGO LEDGER

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The INFORMATION BUREAU

RUN ONCE A YEAR BY THE EDITOR IN A SPIRIT OF FUN

Dear Editor of the Ledger:

Who are the ten most famous women of today and yesterday?

JOHN J. JULIP.

Dear John: Your question is a cinch. Here they are—the whole ten of 'em:

Helen of Troy.
Mrs. Caesar.
Cleopatra.
Marguerite Clark.
Theda Bara.
Little Eva.
Sappho.
Zaza.
Mary Pickford.
Our wife.

Dear Editor of the Ledger:

Who do you consider the greatest write a sentimental song to be sung at

Dear Milly: We have no hesitation in replying to yours of yesterday. The man that writes the names of the Pullman cars, of course.

Dear Editor of the Ledger:

I am commissioned by our club to write a sentimental song to be sang at our annual festival. I am jammed into a corner. Can you help a lady out?

JANE JUMP.

Dear Jane: Here's one reeking with sentiment. I know your club will like it:

The barber shop was crowded when a little child appeared. She cried, "Oh, father, please don't let the barber trim your beard; don't break dear mother's heart, and douse our home with gloom, for we need your beard for dusting chairs and mopping out the room. Oh, father, dear father, come with me now, the clock in the steeple strikes ONE; you said you were coming right home from the shop as soon as your day's work was done." The crowd within that barber shop then loudly did declare: 'Twould be a shame to trim that beard, but let him ent his hair. And so the barber laid aside his clippers and his shears, and father put his collar on and dried his youngster's tears.

Dear Editor of the Ledger:

I am tired of life and have decided to jump off the High Bridge at Lincoln Park. How does the idea strike you?

CEDRIC LA MONT.

Dear Ced:

Yours is an emergency case, and we rushed your problem to our office boy. He says the High Bridge has been closed because the suicides are always falling on the canoeists in the lagoon. He says to tell you that here's twelve good and sound reasons for continuing to live:

Chickens.
Wrens.
Squabs.
Cusies.
Janes.
Dolls.
Cuties.
Bears.
Skirts.
Pippins.
Flappers.
Money!

Dear Guider of the Ledger's Destinies:

What do you think is the proper age to get married? MARY GOOGLE.

Dear Mary:

Never, we might say. Perhaps the only answer we can give you is to repeat the conversation we heard on the Broadway car the other morning. Said one young lady:

"When are you going to get married—I understand the neighbors have you married already?"

Said the other young lady:

"The neighbors are very much mistaken. I shall never marry and will teach my children to follow in my footsteps."

Dear Editor:

I want to write stories for the New York magazines. What kind of stories do editors want? PETER PUCKER.

Dear Pete:

Being only an editor, we're durned if we know what the editors do want. We pick stories by an eeny-meeny-miny-mo system that we went broke on at Monte Carlo. We lost our inheritance of $357.55 in that joint, but learned how to hold down a job as editor with the discarded system. But we've put your query up to an author who has submitted 9,945 stories across the river from Hoboken, and has had three accepted to date. He says to tell you the following:

What editors want, I have found out, is stories nearly if not quite nude, with just enough vocabulary to make them presentable in society. They must not be too obscene, because it embarrasses society to blush below the fifth rib. The story must at least possess enough cuticle to hold the head to the stinger. They prefer stories about long-haired musicians and artists in soft collars who've made soft(?) dollars. Those who wear egg spots of gastronomical feats on waistcoat. They want stories of New York and Chicago's Bohemia, where people play horse and hog on the table, and dance, and skate, and mix eggs with their sauerkraut. Where everything is hale and well wet. Where Yale is wet, and there are no Yale locks or lockups. Where all is a merry-go-round of catchup. Where everything is caught up and eaten up. I say, this is what magazines want, things of this kind, that are bare—and, barely done up in tissue minus strings and things, and men and women jaw and play the jews-harp, and harp on their pet hobbies, be it carp, capon or crumpets.

Dear Editor of the Ledger:

I am commissioned by the dramatic club of our town to write a very dramatic play, containing as few characters as feasible. Can you give me an idea as to something that will be full of emotional values? JULIE JEFF.

Dear Julie: We'll not only give you an idea, but we'll write you the play complete. Here it is:

THE LOST WAD.

The bell is tolling 8,
To the store comes Kate.

(Continued on Page 18.)

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Too Good to Be True.

West—Was that a good show?

North—I suppose not; I enjoyed it too much!

Lengthy Recital.

"I'd like to sell you a history of the World War."

"I don't need a history of the World War," said the proud parent. "My son was in it."

"He couldn't see everything that was going on."

"No, but I'm afraid I won't live long enough to hear him tell about what he did see. He's been home nearly two years and he's still talking about what happened on the transport going over."

Prodigy.

The little boy gazed at his month-old brother and asked:

"Mummy, when will baby begin to talk?"

"I expect it will be a year before he can say anything," replied the mother.

"Why, mamma," said the boy, "Job cursed the day he was born!"

Via the Belle System.

Bill—Have you ever done any public speaking?

Joe—I once proposed to a girl over the telphone in my home town.

Modern Conveniences.

A suburban housewife relates overhearing this conversation between her Cape girl and the one next door:

"How are you, Katje?"

"I'm well; I like my job. We got cremated cellar, cremated plumbing, elastic lights and a hoosit."

"What's a hoosit, Katje?"

"Oh, a bell rings. You put a thing to your ear and say, 'Hello,' and then some one says, 'Hello,' and you say, 'Hoosit'."

Boyhood Ambitions.

A messenger boy in the Broadway office of the Postal Telegraph Company is always reading lurid novels. The manager said to him the other day:

"Charlie, what's your ambition in life?"

The boy put down his Indian story and said gravely:

"To have people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name."

Out Joy Riding.

"Are your 'Bed Time Stories for the Children' going well?"

"Not so very well. Some editors refuse to run them, because in these days, they say, the children come in after mother has retired."

Outnumbered.

"Can't I get that number?"

"Not today," said the telephone girl not unkindly. "The lady of the house is telling a chum about her vacation."

BONES IS BONES.

A thin Scot wore a plaid kilt,
Had a leg that resembled a stilt;
He just took one glance,
Then put on his pants,
Because he saw how he was built.

$13.94 Goodyear Raincoat Free.

Goodyear Manufacturing Company, 4109 Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to their friends. If you want one, write today. —Advertisement.

Brain Teasers.

Charade.

392—My first is not out; my second is to excavate; my third is a vowel, and my whole is plant from which blue dye is obtained.

Changed Prefixes.

393—Change the first letter and make of a cut a kind of food; part of a whip; worn on the dress; used in printed matter; money; a soft mixture; hasty; to cleanse.

Acrostic.

394—1. A multitude of people.
2. An island in the North Pacific.
3. To acquit (authority of Standard dictionary for spelling).
4. A kind of orange oil.
5. The young of a domestic animal.
6. One of the seasons.

Reversals.

395—Example: Reverse duration and make to send forth. Answer—Time, emit.

1. Reverse a strong flavor and make a troublesome little insect.
2. Reverse a movement of the sea and make to prepare for publication.
3. Reverse a former kingdom of Spain and make a name for Christmas.
4. Reverse to exist and make sin.
5. Reverse a heavenly body and make certain rodents.
6. Reverse a famous volcano and make a prefix.
7. Reverse to utter reproaches and make one who falsifies.
8. Reverse to break suddenly and make kitchen utensils.
9. Reverse to eat a certain meal and make a feminine name.
10. Reverse an animal and make a coarse grass.
11. Reverse comrades and make to strike.
12. Reverse an expression of contempt and make a rim of wood to bind a cask.
13. Reverse a Latin pronoun and make a large wading bird that feeds on reptiles.
14. Reverse a masculine name and make the name of a cruel Roman emperor.
15. Reverse compact and comfortable and make certain weapons.

When the fifteen words have been rightly guessed and reversed the initials of the new words will spell the name of a man whom everybody honors.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

388—Changed Headings.

Lore, core, pore, gore, sore, fore, bore, tore, wore, Nore.

389—Animals.

Wild.

390—Transpositions.

Pale, arid, line. Eden. 1. Prate, taper. 2. Laves, slave. 3. Idols, solid. 4. Pears, spear. 5. Rabid, braid. 6. Spare, pares. 7. Times, smite. 8. Andes, sedan. 9. Lemon, melon. 10. Pines, spine. 11. Notes, tones. 12. These, sheet. 13. Table, bleat. 14. Shade, Hades. 15. Deter, treed. 16. Scone, cones.

391—Charade.

Turkey.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Puzzled.

Two men were wandering thru a country churchyard examining the quaint tombstones.

"Look here," said one, "here's a queer one: 'Sacred to Thomas Sitter, a lawyer and an honest man'."

"What did they put all three in one grave for?" asked his companion.

Consoling Thought.

"I hope women will smoke now they have got the vote."

"What make you hope such a thing as that?"

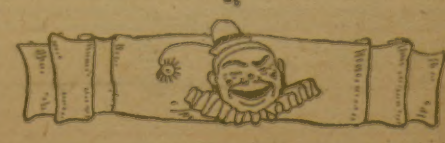
"Then we'll get cigars and cigarettes marked down at bargain sales."

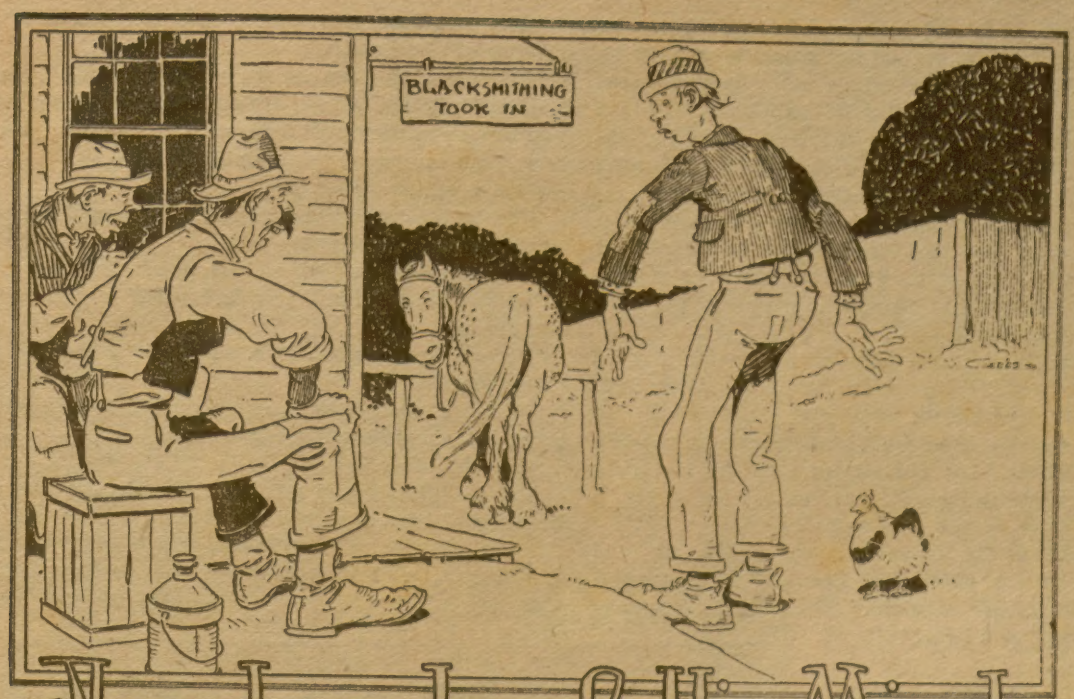
Proof.

Professor—What is dentistry?

Student—I can't define it, but I can give a good illustration.

Professor—The illustration is good, sit down.





The Jewels of His Mind

by OPIE READ

AN ODDER-LOOKING chap had not come down the country road. The wits at the blacksmith shop, when he passed that academy of sciences, voted that it must have been his vocation to stand ready as an understudy for a scarecrow. This is not exactly as they put it, but it was practically their verdict. His hair was yellowish and each strand of different length and size, it seemed; he walked like a sawbuck falling down hill. His arms were too long for him and his feet, of course, were too large. These were the points to strike the average observer of man. He said with becoming modesty that his name was Ned Miller, common enough to satisfy any commonplace community, and at the Widow Harrison's farm he halted and asked for the privilege of working in the harvest field. The widow needed a man.

"But," spoke up her daughter, "do we need a scarecrow?"

Miller grinned when the girl, realizing her rudeness, began to stammer an apology, and with every appearance of immediate forgiveness he remarked that it was all right to call him a scarecrow. It had a homelike sound that made him feel less like a stranger. He admitted that all crows were morally afraid of him; rats and mice were also in his presence timid and constrained.

"Mother," said the girl, "I think you'd better hire him. Whenever I look at him it makes me less dissatisfied with myself."

They hired him, and for several days there was about him nothing more noticeable than his appetite. The widow began to sigh the moment he came to the table. But after about a week he seemed to have got enough, and after that he ate regularly, but not out of average human proportion. Then, the next thing that became noticeable was his stupidity. Set him to do a thing and he did it, but he never knew what to do next. The harvest was over and Mrs. Harrison thought that she would better let him go, but he gave her a sort of hound pup look of appeal and she had not the heart to set him adrift down the lonesome road. "And people make fun of him so," said the daughter. "We are used to him, and it isn't right to compel him to go out and get used to other folks. It is too much of a hardship. Have you noticed," she added, "that he has beautiful eyes?"

The widow had not noticed his eyes. But she had noticed his diminishing appetite, and therefore decided to let him remain. They said nothing about wages, and he was too modest to broach the subject. Sometimes a whole day would pass and not a word did they hear him speak. One day he asked the girl if she had a name. She called him a fool and he nodded assent, as if she had suddenly discovered something long ago known to himself. "You know I've got a name," she said.

"What is it?"

"Haven't you heard my mother call me Susan?"

"Believe I have—since you come to mention it."

"Ned, I think you are the completest dunce I ever saw."

"I reckon that's so."

"Do you ever try to think—to put words together? Do you?"

"Never did. Too much trouble, and I don't believe I could, anyhow. I may try it some of these days when I ain't got nothin' else to do."

"You can read and write, can't you?"

"Sometimes I can and then again it seems like I can't. Sometimes I feel like it is all I can do to keep from flyin', and then again it's about all I can do to walk."

"Well, I never saw such a creature as you are. Were you ever in love?"

"Yes, with victuals."

"Oh, what a dunce you are."

"Wall, I reckon so; but I think it's better to love victuals because they don't change till you do—till you get enough of 'em."

"Mother," she called, "I wish you'd come here and listen to this dunce. Says he never was in love except with something to eat."

"Don't bother me," said the widow, speaking from an adjoining room. "But just let him talk as long as he tells the truth—and doesn't say anything about wages," she added to herself.

THRUOUT the community the young fellow became known for his stupidity as well as for his appearance. That he could have so complete an absence of thought and continue to live seemed to be a marvel to the people about. The new minister, a school-bred theologian, had a curiosity to talk with the neighborhood prodigy, and accordingly, came to dinner on Sunday, after he had edified his congregation with a two-hour sermon, the gist of which was that with proper care infants might be saved. The family induced Ned to array himself in his best, a brown jeans roundabout and a pair of cottonade pantaloons. After he had put up the preacher's horse he came into the dining-room and centered his attention upon a boiled ham. The minister remarked that it was a fine day and the youth replied: "Yes, I have heard so."

"But can't you see for yourself?"

"Don't pretend to see for nobody else."

"How old are you?"

"Three months older than I was last spring.'

"How old were you then?"

"A year older than I was the spring before."

"When were you born?"

"In the dark days of the moon."

"Is your father living?"

"Not quite."

Susan began to giggle and her mother hemmed at her to hush. The minister mastered another slab of ham and said something about the weakness of the flesh. "That piece you just had a hold of didn't look weak," replied the hired boy. The widow scowled at him and threatened to drive him from the table. "Oh, let him talk," said the preacher. "I assure you he's exceedingly interesting."

The widow fanned herself. "All right. If you can stand it we can."

Then the preacher inquired of the boy if he had ever been baptized.

"Yes, fell off the foot-log into the creek."

"But have you ever been connected with a church?"

"Went to sleep in one and was shut up in there all night. Along toward mornin' I seed a ghost and hollered till somebody come and unlocked the door."

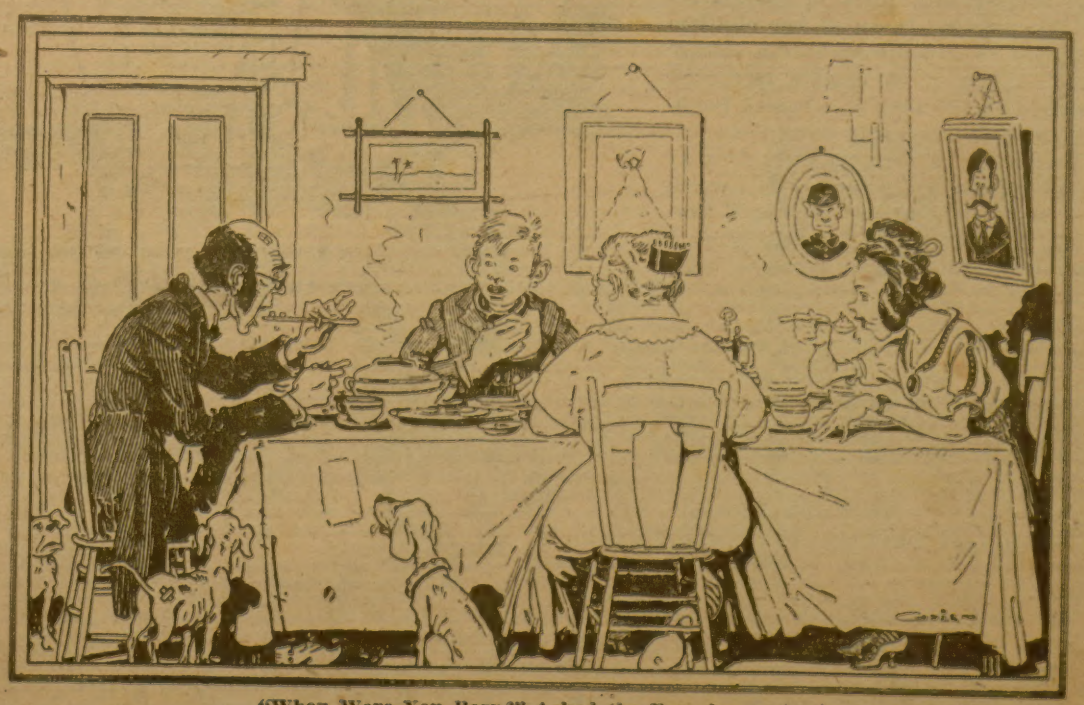
"I am afraid you are hopeless."

"Hope not. That proves I ain't hopeless."

"I don't believe I can do anything for you."

"Ain't asked you to try."

The acquaintance so rudely sprung up between the minister and the



"When Were You Born?" Asked the Preacher.
"In the Dark Days of the Moon," Was Ned's Reply.

boy came to an abrupt end. The good man told the girl that the poor fellow was but one removed from an actual idiot. "Then he must be a genius," she replied. She had been off at school and knew what genius meant. One day she said to Ned: "You say you can't think, and I believe you, but suppose at odd moments, Sundays and at night, you sit down and write out the reasons why you are queer and can't think."

"What will you give me?"

"I might give you my love," she said, laughing. He reflected for a moment—at least he was silent for a time, and then replied: "Either do that or increase my victuals. My appetite is a-comin' back pretty strong."

A bargain was struck. Ned went to work and sometimes she would sit beside him and take up the sheets as laboriously he would turn them off. One day she said: "You are a bigger fool with a pen than at any other time."

"Well, I reckon that's natural," he replied.

Just as he had completed his autobiography there came along the agent of a publishing-house. The girl told him about the book, and he replied that he had come after fish, but did not object to picking up a genius. He took the idiot's scrawlings and sat up all night. The next day he struck out with the manuscript. The boy and girl laughed at his enthusiasm. She said that he was a bigger goose than Ned. The publishers accepted the book and a contract was drawn. The thing came out, glowing in yellow covers, and the widow said that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for making fun of a poor, demented boy. She was so moved to pity that she hinted at wages.

And then thruout the country there arose a great cry: "A new literary genius had been discovered. Ned Miller lays bare a great and simple soul. He is the American Rousseau. Nothing can exceed him in naturalness. His analysis of stupidity is simply marvelous. With his sly humor he has put to shame all the young women who write confessions."

The girl, acting as agent, went to the city and brought back a substantial check. "What good is that?" the author inquired. "Why didn't they send me a turkey or a ham?"

"Why, you dear, silly genius, this means money."

"Wages?" he inquired.

"Yes, more than wages for years to come. You must understand that you are no longer a hired man. You are an author and have written a great book. The whole country is talking about you."

"The preacher, too?"

"Yes, he says you are a marvel. He was the first to discover it, he says."

"Give him another slab of ham and let him hush."

"Do you know what I promised you?"

"Love or——"

"No, not love or—but love. You and I are going to get married."

"Who to?" asked the genuis that had laid bare a great but simple soul.

"To each other."

And the newspapers printed their picture, she a beauty and he a genius, and when they were married the minister said: "The most wonderful youth of the century. I wish I could recall the first conversation I had with him. He dazzled me with the jewels of his mind."

A Hot Time Was Had By All

By Walter C. Scott

TALK had started.

"Slick" Moore was dead; and the probable lack of style and magnificence of the approaching obsequies had caused scornful comment among the wagging tongues of Darktown. Mrs. Demosthenes Sampson, sister of the departed "Slick," was painfully aware that the Wells Street colored folks entertained the prospect of a very skimpy funeral.

"Slick" Moore alive had been a wizard of the cue in the fifteen-ball contest; he also had been dean of the Darktown loafers; and his penniless departure at dawn for that bourne from which no traveler returns had brought the embarrassed Mrs. Demosthenes Sampson into focus of the cruel eyes of Ethiopian society.

The body lay in state in her front room while her worthless husband, Demosthenes, drowsed in his easy-chair at the door in the noonday sun. In this nook of ease and comfort Demos was an eternal fixture, and nothing about him moved except his shadow, as Clo Simpkins so often observed.

A woeful shortage of currency and pawnable collateral was a problem to be surmounted and solved by the ambitious Mrs. Sampson in her determination to "show 'em" the Moore pride survived.

Mrs. Sampson, a rugged Amazon, was hanging a huge washing on the line when a boy dropped an advertising dodger at her gate. Mrs. Sampson laboriously read the announcement printed in fat type on the "To-nighter." Her stormy eyes lifted in speculation to the indolent figure of her shiftless husband as he drowsed at the cottage door, too lazy to dispute territorial rights with the flies that buzzed incessantly about his woolly head.

As she gazed upon the inert form of he whom she had promised to cherish an idea of some brilliance popped full-blown into her head. The mighty hand that held the dodger trembled with hope as she eagerly embraced this heaven-sent inspiration.

Prizes were offered by the management of the Academy Theater to colored entrants in a heat-enduring contest. And twenty-five dollars was the first prize. It was the magic sum Mrs. Sampson needed to round out her idea of a society burial. Her mind filled with visions of a funeral of stately and solemn grandeur. Her eyes shifted from the flaccid hulk of her slothful husband to the magic figures on the dodger and her vision radiated back in aureate beams.

Her heart swelled with this posthumous veneration for the mortal remains of the leading loafer of Darktown; she knew now that in life he had been denied the proper respect and affection. In giving him a funeral procession that would be epochal she could attain at the same time the apex of social eminence she had so long craved.

Briefly the heat contest required each entrant to sit on a glass jar over a flame of denatured alcohol; the contestant displaying the most endurance would be declared the winner.

Down in the Eureka Poolhall three "wise" darkies discussed the contest and framed up to divide the lump sum of the three prizes, which was fifty dollars, between them.

"B'cause," shrewdly explained Little Six Harris "'f we all buck each other some one's goin' to git fried to a crisp. Right after we takes ah places, soon's we gits a lil wahm, one of us'll fade out, den de nex', an' de las' fello' on de fire wins first money wid de odder two winnin' second an' third money. Dey'll be jus us three—Ah'll scare any odder guys out. Lets hustle ober to de Academy, one at a time."

But these darkies had not taken into account the iron will of an ambitious woman.

That night the theater was packed to suffocation.

Mrs. Sampson Laboriously Read the Announcement.

The manager glowed with satisfaction.

"What did I tell you?" he demanded of his perspiring stage carpenter. "Didn't I say we'd hang 'em on the rafters with this stunt? Holy mackerel! take a pike at Mrs. Crowd!"

A voluminous Ethiopian female was cleaving her majestic way thru the assembled company of performers aloof as a dreadnaught nosing across a busy harbor. Her heroic lines would have been an inspiration to a sculptor designing a statue to the Goddess of Suet.

The colossus was headed for the manager and by the bulge of her canvas he rightly judged that her business was urgent. A wilted buck nigger fast in the mighty clutch of her right hand intruded a touch of barbarbic atmosphere from the Stone Age; on his chocolate face was the blight of utter desolation; he came bleating, but under control, like a tagged lamb to the cook tent.

The vast brunette was Mrs. Demosthenes Sampson and the meek and lowly biped she had dragged in to storm Mammon's Citadel for a twenty-five dollar cut of the contest money, was her lord and master.

"MISTAH MANAGER," began the upholstered Juno, "Ah had to bring dis heah no 'count nigger dawn by de scruff ob 'is dirty neck, so Ah did. He done got col' feet an' jus' wan't comin' nohow."

"Is he a good sitter?"

"Bestes setter in town," praised Mrs. Sampson glibly. "Practisin' all de time, he is."

The manger smiled and nodded. "Hey, Zip," he called to the propertyman, "take his nibs here down to the property-room with the rest of the punks."

"Says which?" demanded Mrs. Sampson, suspiciously. "Ah's goin' ter stay alon' wif 'im, Mistah Manager, an' see he don' spoil de act by thinkin' he's gittin' too wahm. Ah wants dat twenty-five dollahs powerful bad an' Ah'm here to see Demos wins de first prize eben 'f he gits scorched lak a fried aigg."

When the curtain rose on the set for the special act the audience's attention was fixed in eager expectation of four large transparent glass jars, padded at the bottom with a few folds of cotton and open at the top.

The manager, a quart bottle of denatured alcohol in his hand, made his entrance and struck a Mark Antony pose. He gazed over the vast assemblage with a pleased air.

"It gives me great pleasure, ladies and gentlemen," he began, "to announce that our special feature will now take place. We have four colored entrants who are going to sit on these jars over a hot flame in a heat-endurance contest for three prizes—ten, fifteen, and twenty-five dollars. I thank you. All right, Hy—send 'em on."

The four colored men—Demosthenes, Little Six, Eph and Snowball—were propelled onto the stage by the husky carpenter amid great applause. The contestants viewed the situation and the ominous-looking jars with solemn appreciation of the magnitude of their undertaking.

Little Six sized up Demos and his massive, grim-faced wife and his black features set like cold tar.

There was a tense hush as the manager poured the denatured alcohol into the jars and touched it off with a lighted match. Ominous blue flames rose and fell in sinuous undulation over the surface of the cotton. Little Six, his two henchmen and Demos eyed the miniature bonfires in strained attitudes, uneasy, fascinated.

"Ready?" The manager's big voice crashed rudely on their senses. "Squat!"

The orchestra eased the performers to their seats with a long chord, some quavering blues, and the hoarse croak of an auto horn. There was a pained look of surprise and apprehension on the faces of the dark quartette as they went loquaciously into the average cooking temperature of the "hot-dog." The musicians introduced some contrast by playing a few bars of "Winter Nights" with sleighbell accompaniment; a light fall of "snow" sifted gently down from the flies, in a touch of realism.

DEMOS gingerly connected with Vulcan's cauterizing blast, and catching his wife's stern eye followed instructions by shivering—a strategic attempt at bravado, executed for its effect on the rivals.

Little Six, to emphasize the fact that he was right at home, flashed the audience a wide ivory grin, as the windjammers flooded the packed theater with the rollicking air of that moth-eaten favorite, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Little Six had mischief in his eye. The watchful Mrs. Sampson noticed it and called her commands to the sizzling Demos from the wings.

"You watch dat pussonation of meanness, now I tells yo'."

"I'se eyein' 'im," squeaked Demos.

"He's cogitatin' some pestiferous doin's to rake in dat change," shrilled Mrs. Sampson, her eyes glittering with the primordial spirit of battle. "Remember 'Slick' 'll hain't yo 'f yo' fails."

Demos shivered at the thought.

Little Six beckoned to the manager. "Say, boss," he asked in a loud voice, and watching Demos as he talked. "S'pose Ah could hab a hot water bottle?" The manager stared in amazement. "Ah feels a chill comin' on," chattered Little Six, and the audience whooped with laughter. Zip, the propertyman obliged him, a diabolic grin on his face. Immediately Little Six turned up his collar and glanced hopefully at Demos.

"Ah dun hear tell ob a man dyin' from foolin' roun' fiah dis a-way," said the tricky Little Six.

"Don' yo' lis'en, Demos," screeched Mrs. Sampson. "He's ah measly low down liah."

"He got a blistah," went on Little Six gleefully, "an' it ran all de way roun' his body—he done died jus' lak a tree wid a ring cut all de way roun' in de ba'k. Sho did. Fact."

"Bestes Setter in Town; Practicin' All de Time."

MRS. SAMPSON was consumed with rage and poor Demos writhed in added torment. From now on the going was less salubrious for him. Mrs. Sampson watched him from the wings, her eye stern and austere, like that of a traffic cop.

The rising heat began to parboil great inroads thru the weaker avenues of his fortitude. It began to rise around him and thru him like incense, stifling, scorching. Demos shifted hopefully, uselessly seeking surcease from the stinging qualities of that torrid blast. And persistently intruded in the wings was that grim and determined countenance of his bulky wife confronting him like a closing order. His eyes roved over the other contestants in misery and acute anguish.

Snowball began to thaw and Eph's eyes showed half moon whites. Suddenly with an eery yell and a bound Snowball sped to the wings, followed the next instant by Eph, roaring to the flies at every jump. Little Six was made of sterner stuff, and the joy and longing in Demos' eyes faded to pitiful despair as he looked at his stern-faced spouse.

At a sign from the manager the electrician pulled his stage lights and the spot-lamp operator in the balcony picked Demos out of the darkness in a green beam. Demos' facial contortions became works of art in a verdant shade; the audience roared with joy as the sweat poured from him in streams of creme de menthe. He swayed and writhed, in imitation of a bourbon lusher with the D. T.'s. An ever his beefy wife, who had seen him hold down the easy-chair for so many years, hovered like a shadow of bad luck in the exit, huge, menacing.

The blaze now an emerald hue leaped playfully in the bottle-green jar, but Demos was conscious of its incendiary intent. The blistering darkey started a rag jazz shimmy on his pedestal of flame that revealed new and original kinks in the art of terpsichore. A pop-eyed expression stamped him as being painfully aware that he was at last face to face, so to speak, with a carbonizing demise. The audience warmed up to him, and gave him the ample hand to make him feel at home and let him know that they would be with him to the finish.

"Stick to th' crematory, Midnight!" bawled a gallery goof, as the lights went up.

"Ain't them two roosters done yet?" impatiently demanded a crass voice that would cheer at arson from the back of the house.

Little Six thought it time for him to be heard from again.

"Does you all feel a draf' aroun' here?" he inquired of Demos.

"No, sah," indignantly retorted Demos, as he rolled an eye not unlike the glazed optic of a fry catfish. "But—but Ah sure smells th' ambrosial odah ob somethin' cookin'!" He glared at Little Six and added with hideous insinuation: "An' tain't me!"

But there remained an unruffled, a satisfied and patient expression on Little Six's face that maddened Demos. The scorching seconds lagged past. "Ah hain't no ba'becue," Demos whispered thru the smoke of his seething soul.

Something had to be done quickly. A furtive glance showed him that his obese wife grimly held the Pass to the pellucid depths of the Great Lakes. She stood there broad and stanch as Horatius at the Bridge. Demos groaned in anguish. He was roasting like a pig on a stick. He had known it long ago; he had known it before that. His nose didn't fool him. It never did around meal time. He could smell himself cooking! He could even tell when he passed from rare to medium; he would never survive well-done. Craftily he decided to go crazy with the heat.

"Whar is Ah at?" he dazedly murmured, squirming as if he had all the itch in Asia. Then in a wild jungle cry: "Ah says, whar is I?"

"In a melon patch," answered an unfeeling voice from the wall-aisle.

"Do you give up?" the manager asked of Demos.

Demos rolled his eyes in desperation, and tho he was a sizzling beef brisket, caught the dehortatory glare in the bad eye of that consignment of lard he had taken to wife, and yielded gracefully to domestic discipline.

"No, boss. Ah feels lak Ah wuz danglin' on a cool moonbeam from de main gate o' Paradise an' an angel wuz dribblin' a heap o' sirup inter mah wool."

LITTLE SIX started violently. Was Demos going to tie him? Ways and means must be found quickly for discouraging this tenacious rival. As matters stood it looked like a dead heat. Little Six desperately decided to try some rough psychology on this unquenched upstart.

"Mistah Boss, Ah sugges' yuh takes our temperature," and he winked painfully at the audience.

"Now you're talkin'," yelled a voice. "Bring on th' thermometers."

"An' chalk th' scores up on a blackboard," added another voice.

It seemed to be a popular suggestion; so the propertyman complied at once. The manager placed a thermometer in each contestant's mouth and at regular intervals chalked up the score, the first being:

Demos—99 degrees.

Little Six—100 degrees.

"Mistah Boss, that's a mite chilly fer me," Little Six complained, uneasily. "Ah sure would feel solicified 'f I could hab a hot sling ob ginger, an' a scaldin' hot mustard foot-bath. Seems lak a cold wabe comin'."

The Spot-lamp Operator Picked Demos, in a Green Beam.

At this Demos grew frantic—and also suspicious.

"Little Six am done settin' on a cushion," Demos accused in a ringing falsetto, tinged with pain.

"No, suh. I'se jes' a natural bo'n fiah eater," retorted Little Six, gritting his teeth. "It runs in de family."

"Ah claims he's wearin' a pat'nt heat d'flector or somethin'," shrilled Demos, writhing in anguish. "Ah accuses dat man o' foul!"

"Inspection," yelled the crowds. "Give them each satisfaction."

Both rose obligingly, and tho the zone of Little Six's hip pockets was enshrouded in rising whisps of smoke, the manager and the stage carpenter proved to all beyond a doubt that Little Six was working fair and square.

"He's all right," yelled the audience. "On the fire."

Down they sank together.

"Dey's a jinx some place," whined Demos, an unpleasant epithet trembling unuttered on his parched lips.

"It's jes' mah family cravin' fer lots ob wa'mth," came Little Six's voice, his black face broken into a skull-like grin, the perspiration streaming down his features. "Mah uncle wuz in a heat contes' once an' he mus' o' run up a temperature o' a thousand degrees!"

Demos all but strangled with amazement and consternation, while the crowd whooped. The manager again recorded their temperatures on the blackboard and it stood 100 for Demos and a 101 degress for Little Six.

"Goin' up!" whooped a boy in the gallery.

"Yessir," continued Little Six, swallowing hard. "Mah uncle was a powerful savin' man. He—he stored up so much heat in dat contes' he didn't hab to buy no coal all winter."

"He—he buy no coal?" choked Demos, fascinated, yearning in vain for a cooling zephyr, as the leaping flame caressed him.

"Nary a chunk. He—he jes' set aroun' in one room awhile an' den in anodder room awhile and fo' long he had de whole house wahm. But he had to wear asbestus clothes."

"Dat's a whoppin' big lie, Demos," whooped the lady from the wings.

"Mistah Boss," complained Little Six. "Dis foot-bath's gettin' mighty cold."

"Man, is yo pa't ossified?" gurgled Demos, his feverish eyes thrashing in their sockets.

"Why," went on Little Six his knees and legs writhing. "Mah uncle nebber shovel'd no snow 'tall; he'd jes' parade up an' down de sidewalk befo' 'is house a bit and de snow'd melt."

"Liah!" from the wings, in a raging female voice.

"An'," said Little Six, eying Demos warily, "he did de fambily ironin' wid de pa'm ob 'is hand. 'F mah aunt wanted hot water she filled a washtub an' he jes' squatted in it fer a spell."

"He's still a-lyin', Demos," howled Mrs. Sampson, in a violent outburst. "Doan yuh lis'en to dat big mouf."

"Uncle nebber wasted no loose change on matches," Little Six followed up hastily, his hands gripping his thighs. "He'd—he'd set fiah to de kindlin' wood in de cook-stove jes by touchin' de shavins' wid 'is finger. Dat man was a walkin' ceegar-lighter."

Demos seemed on the verge of a collapse.

"An' kin yo' git dat hot?" he choked, writhing in mounting frenzy. "Comin' from dat family."

"Not per'zactly," Little Six gave a careless appearing yawn. "'Bout two hundred degrees is jes' com'table fer me."

DEMOS took a horrified look at the score on the blackboard, saw the great distance to go, and an overwhelming weakness surged upon him. Iridescent flashes danced before his bulging eyes. It was his incandescent finish; he was giving up the ghost in smoke. His mind began to whirl in a delirium of ecstasy. And thru vast spaces a hushed tide of melody flowed murmuring to his ears like the plaint of distant surf. The angels were coming for him; he could hear the mighty rustle of their wings thru the sobbing harmony as they dipped and soared above the walls of Eden. Then golden bells gave tongue in melodious cadences—love, pain, joy and grief were blended in the full flood of that sweet diapason.

"Yah——"

A hateful nagging voice crashed rudely in upon Demos' lulled senses; he roused. A vile odor of scorching garments assailed his olfactory nerves.

"Yah," Little Six's voice was droning in his ears. "aroun' two hun'red-fifty d'grees Ah begins to git a mild fo'm of prickly heat."

Right there the clock struck twelve for Demos. His pent-up emotion went over the dike. The frail spark of rebellious spunk in him roared into flame.

"He Got a Blistah, an' It Ran All de Way 'Roun' His Body!"

Leaving his broiling throne he negotiated the shelter of the wings with the swift movement of a whirling dervish, squirmed past his raving better four-fifths like a steaming frankfurter, and with the spirit of the chase singing in his soul, smoked thru the stage door hitting on all six cylinders. The hilarious outburst that rose in a swelling tide of sound from the auditorum was a joyous anthem to his ears, speeding on the blest.

Mrs. Sampson lunged into action. She got under way with the leisurely and exasperating deliberation of a box-car; she survived the disappointment of a permanent stop at the door where her tonnage clogged the right of way. Violent emotion dammed up her spacious interior until the building shuddered from the pressure. Her denouncement of the recreant Demos was a classic in blasphemy to which the hard-boiled stage crew listened in awe.

"Mrs. Sampson, your husband took second prize," interrupted the manager, handing the furious Amazon the money. "Fifteen dollars. He sure earned a nice poultice. But Little Six beat him fair; he's one game boy."

Mrs. Sampson glared at the winner.

"Little Six shorted me outa ten dollahs for de burial obse'quiz," she blurted violently. "Plague take 'im for a non-combus'ible dinge."

But the propertyman knew where Little Six got most of his courage. The tricky darkey had bribed him with a dollar to fire-proof that section of his pants to be exposed to the rigors of the venture—and "Props" had roguishly used a bottle of brown soda!"

Wanted—Wits

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

I ALWAYS did say college learning didn't teach you any sense.

That nut Flushing was a Doctor of Philanthropy, or something, but he ought to have known better than to get me into anything like we got into.

He was a 32-degree Fahrenheit, I think, out at Kansas University, but he certainly caused me a lot of trouble when we was stranded in New York. If it hadn't been for his high-toned objections, we would have swung a freight over in the Jersey yards and rode all the way to Sunflower, Kansas, with a carload of evaporated milk—but no, he couldn't listen to anything like that. He had one of those slow-eating diseases, nicknamed a sense of humor, which there was no symptoms of, however, when he was lecturing me on his family pride.

We must have spent a lot of money before we found out, coming up with a jerk, that there wasn't any more to spend. We had been having a right royal straight flush vacation, Flushing and me, but his first name was Seymour, and he was true to it. He kept egging me on to let him spend more money in those gilded chocolate milk dens of vice.

Anyway, I think it might have been the twelfth night that we was there that we woke up the next morning, and I said:

"Well, we went to Shanley's and Rector's and Childs' and all them swell places, didn't we, bo?"

"H—l," says Seymour, sort of like he was feeling rocky from all that ginger ale we drunk. "What kind of fe-mael-strom was it that we got caught in at Broadway and Forty-Second avenue?" (He don't know yet that it was a street.) "Last night I had $187, and this morning I got only $12.39. It's a good thing you got our hotel bill paid up, ain't it?"

"I got it paid up!" I screams, jumping out of bed just like there was a striding alarm clock addressing me. "I got it paid up? You poor insect, you told me you'd paid the hotel bill."

"No, indeed," says Flushing, haughty-like because I called him a insect. "Before you got in your cups last night, sir, and frequently thereafter, you informed me that you had paid the bill for the week, and that I needn't worry how much money I spent."

Well, if there was any time I had ever felt like committing insecticide, it was then, right there in that eight-dollar room we had in the Hotel Seltzer-Bourhonia. Even if I had told him that, which I ain't admitting I done, he ought to had enough trigonometry intelligentsia, or whatever it is they call the higher criticism of the intellect, to not have believed me.

Well, there we was, and I had to be philopathical and bear it. I had $36 left, not being such a spender on a little vacation trip like Seymour Flushing, who always reminded me that he had been raised a gentleman and didn't take much stock in cafe economics. We owed a fifty-six-dollar hotel bill, and there was a thousand-odd miles stretched between us and Sunflower, and we had to keep on eating, no matter how much we intrenched on soda water and pattie de foyer grass.

Flushing said we had to start right off to economize the budget, so we repaired ourselves to the Automatic Gardens for breakfast. Flushing got an egg for five cents and some bread slightly insulted with butter for five cents more. I got a ham sandwich about as thick as the slick dime I put in the slot.

"Flush," says I, just as serious as I ever been since the prohibition wave went in effect, "there ain't nothing left for us but the rusty rods and the shining rails."

"Not on your grandfather's daguerrotype," says Flushing, sort of showing mad. "Never in the history of the Flushing family has there been a hobo who rode common carriers for nothing, and I shall not be guilty of initiating such a vulgarism."

I never said anything about hazing anybody's vulgarism, but I let his remarks slide off my shoulders with one of those shrugs I learned how to do when I was over with the A. E. F. in Lee Harbor, France.

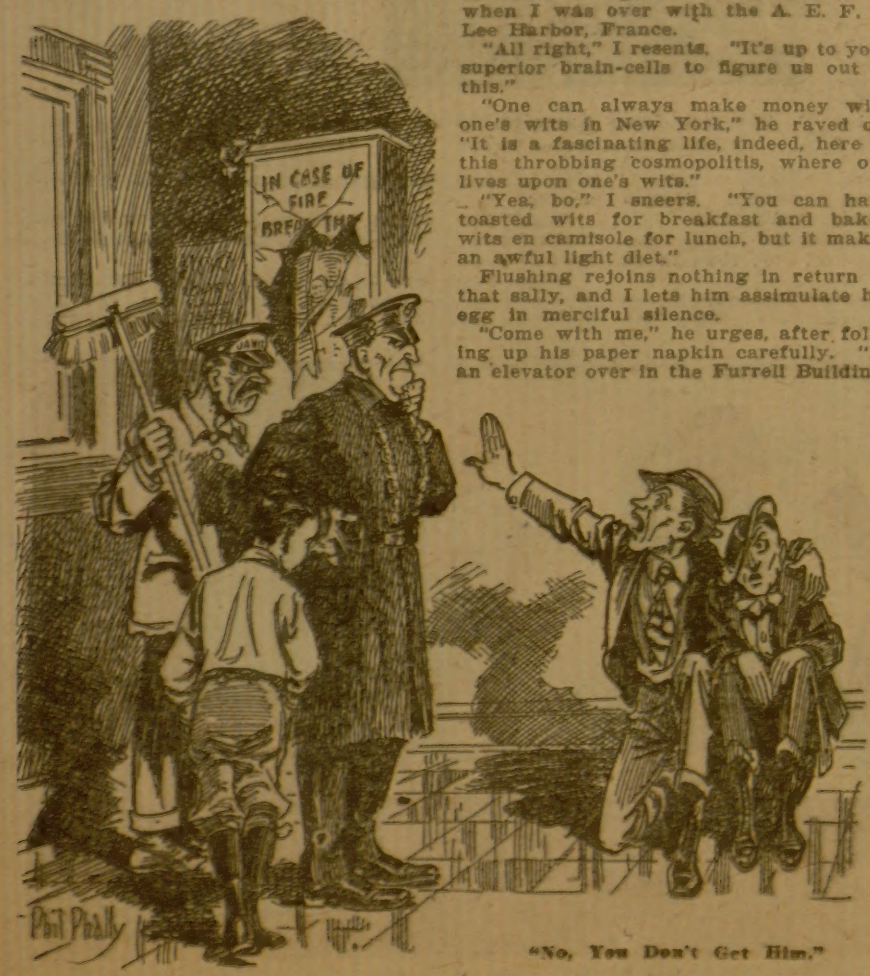
"All right," I resents. "It's up to your superior brain-cells to figure us out of this."

"One can always make money with one's wits in New York," he raved on. "It is a fascinating life, indeed, here in this throbbing cosmopolitis, where one lives upon one's wits."

"Yes, bo," I sneers. "You can have toasted wits for breakfast and baked wits en camisole for lunch, but it makes an awful light diet."

Flushing rejoins nothing in return to that sally, and I lets him assimulate his egg in merciful silence.

"Come with me," he urges, after folding up his paper napkin carefully. "In an elevator over in the Furrell Building, on Madison avenue, there is an idea staring forth upon an unappreciable world. It struck me as being a potential avenue out of financial impecuniosity."



"No, You Don't Get Him."

Anything that could be all that must be worth looking at, I figured, so I followed him over to Madison avenue, and we proceeded to ask a lot of people where the Furrell Building was who didn't even seem to know the war was over, they were so ignorant. But we found it, however, and Flushing proceeds to lead me to an elevator.

There was nobody in it but us, and Flushing leans over and whispers to me:

"See anything that looks like a possibility?"

I didn't think the elevator boy could be classed as such, and I begun to think Flushing was plain dippy, instead of just over-informed in animal wisdom.

"I can't say as I do," I says.

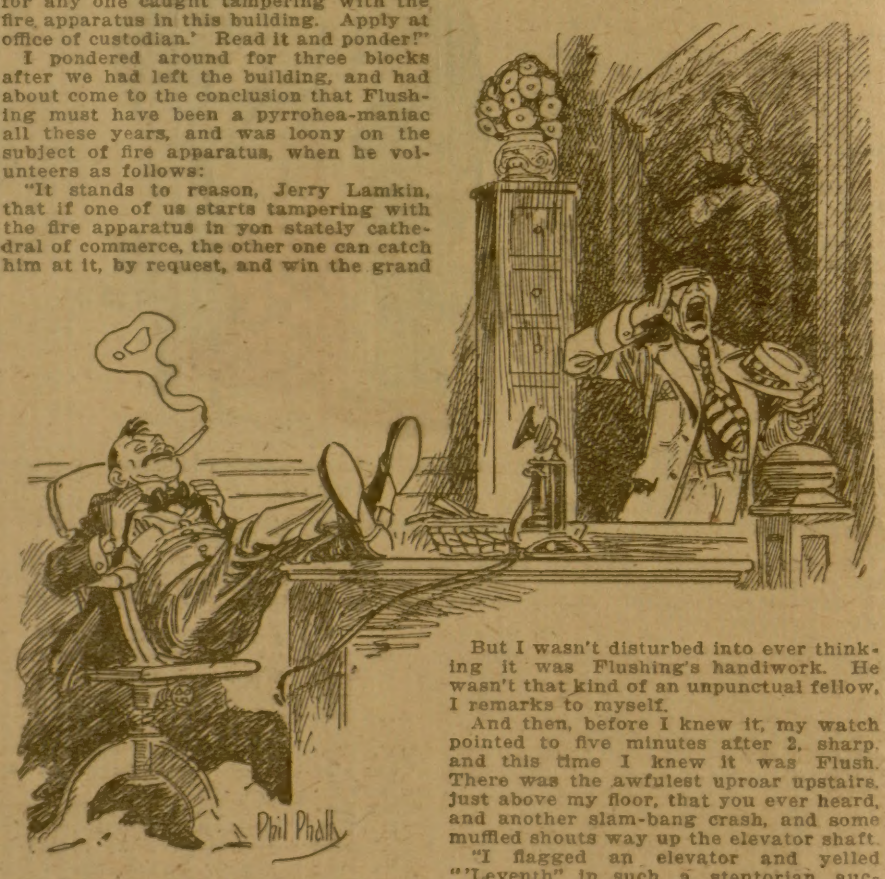
"See that sign?"

He points to a placard on the elevator wall, but it was just one of those "Keep off the grass" or "Beware the dog" signs that don't mean nothing to me.

"Read it," hisses Flushing, crunching my left biceps, and he proceeds to read it for me. "'One hundred dollars reward, for any one caught tampering with the fire apparatus in this building. Apply at office of custodian.' Read it and ponder!"

I pondered around for three blocks after we had left the building, and had about come to the conclusion that Flushing must have been a pyrrohea-maniac all these years, and was loony on the subject of fire apparatus, when he volunteers as follows:

"It stands to reason, Jerry Lamkin, that if one of us starts tampering with the fire apparatus in yon stately cathedral of commerce, the other one can catch him at it, by request, and win the grand prize of one hundred dollars. That will pay our hotel bill and give us a start back to Sunflower, won't it?"



"I Shall Have to Ask a Small Retainer of One Hundred Dollars."

"Yes," says I, summoning up all my sarcastic gentus, "but what will the tampering guy get?"

"Oh, a mere fine," Flushing depreciates. "It's only a Miss Demeanor, at most. Probably a ten-dollar fine, or a lecture from the judge. You can tell his honor you were shell-shocked in France, and you had enveloped a passion for fire hose, and——"

"I can, can I?" I sneers. "Where do you get that I stuff? Suppose you go ahead and do the tampering, and let me catch you at it."

"Ah, but the idea was mine," he objects. "Don't I get any credit for that?"

"Yes, but with all these millions of fall guys running around, why pick on me?" I interrogates.

"All right," he says, with a hurt expression of the eyebrows, "I'll tell you what I'll do, then. I'll match you for the privilege of doing the tampering. Is that square?"

"Guess it is, if you says so," I mumbles, with graveyard misgiving.

Flushing flips a coin, and me simultaneously.

"I'm matching you," he says. "What you got? Mine's tails."

Mine was tails, too, and thereby hangs all I'm telling you.

"The Hon. Seymour Flushing," croaks I, will now proceed to do a job of plain and fancy tampering with the fire apparatus, and plain Jerry Lamkin, happening by in jaunty nonchalants, will surprise him in his Fritz-like job of vandalism."

And so it came to a pass. I'll say for Flushing that he was no piker, once his lightning like cerebellum hall conceived a idea.

"I choose the eleventh floor," he decides, with William J. Flynn-like coolness, as we stands across the street from the Furrell Building to size things up. "You stand on the tenth floor. When you hear a crash of glass breaking, you will know that I have seized the fire ax above the glass hose case on the eleventh floor, smashed the glass and dragged the hose from its nest. Then you will hop on the first elevator, or come running up the stairs, and catch me red-handed. It was now 2 o'clock sharp. Five minutes past 2 is the zero hour."

"Good-by, Flush," I says, shaking hands with him. "Carry on, old dear. Tamper the bloody hose to death. I'm with you."

And then we goes up in the elevator, and I reads the Mene-Mene handwrighting on the wall again.

It was a sad sight seeing that bright boy riding up to meet his fate like that, but I figured that if one must live by one's wits, san ferry Ann, as the frogs say.

At two minutes after 2—well, I took account of the flea-like minutes hopping by—I stood on the tenth floor, close by the elevator shaft, and listened for hostile and unaccustomary sounds. Then, suddenly, up the shaft somewhere, I heard a fair to middling loud jangle-jangle, like a heifer stepping thru old Mrs. Judd's hothouse out in Sunflower.

"Gee," I thinks, observing same to myself aloud, "there must be somebody else at it. That ain't on the eleventh floor."

And then, at three minutes and a half after 2, I heard another jangle-like crash, this time like a full-blown cow invading Mrs. Judd's back-yard conservatory.

But I wasn't disturbed into ever thinking it was Flushing's handiwork. He wasn't that kind of an unpunctual fellow, I remarks to myself.

And then, before I knew it, my watch pointed to five minutes after 2, sharp, and this time I knew it was Flush. There was the awfulest uproar upstairs, just above my floor, that you ever heard, and another slam-bang crash, and some muffled shouts way up the elevator shaft.

"I flagged an elevator and yelled "'Leventh" in such a stentorian auctioneer's voice that it even scared the glace drowsing elevator boy.

And there, right in front of the elevator shaft on the eleventh floor," stood my pal Flushing, fire in his eye like I've seen moonshine pep up a Fourth of July orator out in Kansas—and in his hand was the defenseless fire hose.

I jumped out and grabbed him roughly around the peritonitis.

"Hey," I yells, "what you doing with that fire hose, you black-hearted scoundrel of a tamperer!"

FLUSHING just sinks weak-like into my waiting armlets, while seven or eight janitors and elevator boys come running down the stairs and whizzing down on the elevators and letting out the darndest hubbub I ever heard outside of a camp meeting with everybody having an attack of salvation.

"Jerry, old pal," Flushing whispers to me above the terrible din, "I smashed three of them. You'll get three hundred dollars!"

Well, I can just say I collected my scattered wits that I had to live on for the next Lord knows how many days, and worked up a sort of sickly "Ha, ha! Yes, you done lovely."

I can't say that everything didn't work according to schedule. I stood off a small army of jabbering janitors and such and remembered my instructions.

"No, you don't get him," I says, sternly. "He goes with me to the office of the custodian. This here is my prisoner."

The custodian was an irritated little fellow and I don't see how he ever got that responsible title.

"Oh, what will Mr. DeForest say?" he keeps moaning, like Mr. DeForest's grandmother had been stabbed in the melee. "What will Mr. DeForest say?"

"He'll talk like a hundred dollars, if he's got anything to do with this building," I says, icy-like, with Flushing all the time shivering in my unsympathizing grip. "Either that, or I'll take my prisoner back and let him do some more devilment. Where's the hundred dollars you put the ad in the elevator about for anybody caught tampering?"

"Oh, the reward?" stutters the custodian, with a glimmer of intelligence beginning to smolder back of his eyes. "You'll have to see Mr. DeForest about that. He's the real estate man

(Continued on Page 16.)

The Titian of Tzintzuntzan

By Robert Ordway Foote

Earlier Details of the Hero's Adventures

CAPT. ARTHUR VAN LAW, formerly of the U. S. Army, while seeking employment accepts a dangerous mission which took him into Lower Califfornia, the accomplishment of which promises not only to satisfy his love of adventure, but also to bring him a handsome reward for his services.

CHARLES VANTHIER HOLLIDAY, a wealthy art connoisseur, was eager to gain possession of a famous old painting known in art circles as "The Titian of Tzintzuntzan," which had been stolen from a a church in Mexico

SENORITA GUADALUPE MOREAU ("Lupe), proved to be a mysterious beauty with Titian (red) hair, who by her strange conduct gave the captain the impression that she could not be fully trusted and might foil his efforts to get possession of the picture. Town gossipers hinted to the Captain that "Lupe," while posing as a "friend," was more likely to be the mistress of

FRANCISCO CORDAVA, ex-bandit, whose source of income was not at all clear to the many who knew and feared him,

SENORITA CARMELITA CORDOVA, modest, innocent and pretty, known as the ex-bandit's daughter, or "the dark-haired one," in contrast to the other beauty in her father's household.

GOVERNOR DEL VALLE, chief executive of Lower California, and a typical Mexican dandy, impressed Captain Van Law as being just the sort of a character who would enter into almost any kind of an evil conspiracy without much coaxing, provided there was a tempting amount of "easy money" in it for him.

A stranger who entered Captain Van Law's room at his hotel proved to be a

MEXICAN PRIEST, whose apparent errand was to have the Captain buy the Titian painting for the church from which it had been stolen. The priest admitted his acquaintance with Cordova, and soon made it plain to the Captain that he was ready to pay a large sum for the painting should it come into his possession. Later, seeing Senorita Guadalupe Moreau pass on her horse, Van Law secured another mount and followed her to a remote spot on the beach, where she was soon joined by Del Valle, who after a brief conversation attempted to embrace her. For his unwarranted impudence the girl soundly slapped the Governor's face.

The Captain, while visiting the abode of Cordova, with the hope of again meeting "Lupe," enjoyed a chat with the charming Carmelita, which was interrupted by Cordova when he came home drunk.

PETTY OFFICIAL of Ensenada, a Mexican and evident henchman of the Governor, intrudes upon Van Law in a cafe, and during their conversation alludes to the Titian-haired girl as "Cordova's mistress." He was promptly "punched" by the Captain, who later was put under arrest. Before being haled to court the Captain met "Lupe" on the street, who warned him concerning his attentions to Carmelita, displaying evident jealousy while doing so.

Later, Governor Del Valle promised to release Captain Van Law if he explain his business in Lower California and agree to leave the state within twenty-four hours. The Captain's explanation of his mission gains his conditional release and permission was granted him to purchase the picture. As he was about to get possession of the masterpiece, a note from Carmelita informed him that she desired to see him at once, as she had discovered new and startling facts concerning the picture.

This story began in No. 48, the Ledger for Nov. 27. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

CHAPTER IX.
HOLLIDAY APPEARS.

IT WAS only in hopes of seeing the melancholy priest and courting a renewal of the offer of the early morning that Van Law made his way to the little hotel. It promised no comfort to his harassed spirit, the habitues had seen his arrest by the squad of soldiers, by this time he must be a marked man, a notable in Ensenada.

It was not the priest, however, who awaited Van Law in the little parlor. The San Diego boat had today arrived, wonder of wonders, on time. A few new guests from the north were huddled about trying to decide whither they should repair in this strange land in search of amusement. Sitting apart from them, hedged about in inherent dignity, was a short figure whose back was familiar to the Captain. The latter edged about, unostentatiously, to where he could see the face and found himself looking into the cool, unanswering eyes of Charles Vauthier Holliday.

Tho the eyes of the art connoisseur returned no answer to the unspoken challenge of his agent, his delicate, aesthetic left hand arose to his lips in the primitive gesture which enjoins silence and then the upraised finger pointed for a single instant upward, to the floor above.

Glad enough to escape from the Mexican snickers which followed him about, Captain Van Law made his way to his own room, removed his coat and threw himself exhausted on the bed. It had been a trying day, physically as well as mentally. With the same national san froid with which he had thrown off apprehension for relaxation on the battlefields of France, he sank into something of a stupor, Ensenada and the Titian of Tzintzuntzan forgotten, Guadalupe and Carmelita remaining but beautiful figures in some half-dream fancy. Subconsciously he heard steps along the corridor, heard a heavy hand open his door and some one step inside, but he was too listless even to turn toward the newcomer. It must be Holliday. What did the man mean by turning up in this manner? The relaxed man put the thought into words.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he demanded, in lazy accents.

"I came to bring you the money to buy the Titian." It was the priest who spoke. "You have done well, my son, in throwing the corrupt Governor off the trail. He thinks you come merely as an American customer; he has no idea you represent me. Is Cordova also deceived?"

The lassitude was gone instantly. Van Law sprung up to face the big priest, who was already drawing forth that surprising roll of bills.

The American's mouth opened to utter the protests he felt as becoming involved with his figure of mystery, but it closed again, the words unspoken. The vision of that immaculate masculine figure downstairs crossed his eyes and almost involuntarily he held forth a hand. He wanted to surprise Holliday; realized that he wanted nothing else right at this moment quite so keenly. He had not bought the Titian, but if this art collector had sent him here and then had come himself in some incomprehensible system of double-cross, he, Captain Van Law would have a most satisfactory ace in the hole in that big wad of bills and the inside track toward the picture. But he did gasp out his prearranged conditions in taking the money.

"I do not guarantee to deliver the picture to you here," he said. "I will only make delivery in San Diego, or return your money there if I fail. I must use the picture to assure myself of safe conduct out of the country."

"You speak in enigmas, son. I should say it is anything but safe conduct. But have it your own way. I will be on the San Diego wharf when you arrive, no matter when that is."

He turned passively, and was gone, he would be waiting on the wharf, no matter when. Van Law experienced a certain painful sensation in the region of his stomach. This sinister figure would be an uncompromising creditor, something told him.

Repose, tho needed, was no longer for Captain Van Law. He tasted the horrors of riches, alternately depositing the really cumbersome roll of bills first in one pocket and then in another, finally unrolling it to spread it out flat in an inner pocket. He was obsessed with a desire, which he knew foolish, to flash the money before Holliday's eyes. The unrolling gave occasion for counting the amount. The bills were chiefly in five hundreds and thousands, crisp and new; totaling twenty-seven thousand dollars.

If Van Law had previously had a feeling that his every move was being watched, that sense was doubled now. Common intuition told him that no person, not even a priest madly intent on recovering a loved painting, was likely to surrender twenty-seven thousand dollars to a perfect stranger and not at least keep an eye on that stranger's future conduct. The cleric had seemed to know exactly what transpired in Del Valle's office. He might have as extensive a spy system as the Governor. Possibly the two were rivals; the priest more than likely was that government spy to whom the Governor had alluded at the Cordova house the night before.

That Holliday should come to his room now might be a catastrophe for them both. A bold pretext occurred to the Captain. Seizing his wide-spreading hat he made his way out of the Casa de Tourist, taking care to pass with considerable noise thru the little parlor, where Holliday still sat. Across the ill-lighted street he made his way to enter the door of the chile establishment where had taken place his luncheon encounter. That door was, he knew, plainly visible from the hotel parlor.

Holliday did not fail to take the hint conveyed in that ostentatious progress of his confederate. Whether from care or luck he chose an opportune moment for taking it, his entrance into the restaurant coming at a time when most of the tables were occupied and it was the most natural of actions for him to seat himself opposite a man whose clothes proclaimed him a fellow countryman.

"I speak French a little, none of these people will understand it. Do you use the language?" Van Law addressed the art collector in the most casual of manners.

"Fluently," the other responded. "Excellent idea of yours, this. If we only chat instead of seeming to converse, we should avoid suspicion, with which your manner seems to say the atmosphere is laden."

Van Law curbed his impetuosity to pay attention to his miserable food.

"What brings you here?" he inquired, off hand, in French.

"You," came the provoking reply. "And the painting you wot of."

"You meant all the time to follow me?" Tho the manner be casual the words bristled with challenge.

"On the contrary, I hoped you would be starting back tonight and that a week from today would find us celebrating the completion of a successful enterprise."

"Did you know of my troubles here?"

Holliday was provokingly long replying. When he did it was to say:

"A little slow. Punctuate with food. You impart shivers to the very air. What are your troubles?"

"That picture is a mystery. It has been sold several times—but always reappears on the wall of the man who has it."

"So, you know that, too."

The Captain abused himself for his clever idea of thus staging their conversation. He wanted to explode with wrath at this man's manner. Yet he must content himself with silence for a safe time. He knew he was the object of considerable attention from the dark-skinned patrons.

"We can't talk here," he exclaimed out of his irascibility. "This was a fool idea of mine. We'll go walking afterwards."

She Was Copying the Famous Painting, Doing It Calmly; With Emotional Thoroness That Bespoke Much Familiarity With Her Task.

WITH difficulty he managed to bolt down a few remaining bites of his food and watched in secret astonishment the art lover of dainty habits eating with apparent relish the horrible chile con carne of the establishment. A contrary desire to spoil that incongruous appetite smote the Captain. He murmured gently in French:

"Our mutual friend the Titian-haired

beauty of the museum episode will be delighted to see you again."

Holliday's head shot up, his eyes flashed.

"Is that girl here?" he demanded.

"You knew it when you sent me," the Captain accused.

"We'll discuss that later."

Holliday became again self-contained, while the younger man inwardly fumed. Together the Americans, to all outward indications new acquaintances who had been thrown together here by chance, left the saloon and started down the street toward the little water-front. No longer was it necessary for Captain Van Law to struggle to give his emotions play in his imperfect French. In low-voiced English he broke out impatiently:

"Mr. Holliday, I was evidently being played for some kind of a goat in being sent here. It is apparent you saw my interest in that red-headed girl, which is why you chose me for this mysterious expedition. Now, I want a little light on the subject. Why did you send me? Why did you then come yourself?"

They had reached the little wharf where the boats landed and had stopped to look out over the sea, the breakers glimmering momentarily white in the early starlight.

"I don't propose to be trifled with any longer. I've been trifled with ever since I landed here and, evidently, before that," Van Law broke out again. "You come thru with an explanation or over you go into that water. With nothing but hints of desperate deeds for twenty-four hours, I'll do one myself in a minute to break the tension."

"Apparently it has been a tension." Holliday's voice was as smooth as in his own apartment. Small, dainty, the man might appear with his immaculate clothes and carefully tended beard, but his steadiness as he stood unmoved beside the threatening young man proclaimed him no coward. "You are letting fast developing events rattle you a little, young man. Have you bought the Titian yet?"

"I am going to, tonight." Van Law found his anger turned back against himself by its reception as a triviality. "Whether for you or some one else, I haven't decided."

Ignoring the latter part of the Captain's speech, which he could not have understood, Holliday exclaimed:

"Then I am in time. Now, Captain, I'll give you an explanation of my being here. After you've heard it you may be a little more minded to tell me what it is that has so disconcerted you since you arrived in Ensenada a short time ago. You said the Titian disappears and comes back, is sold and returns. I imagine you think possibly the purchasers are murdered, do you not?"

"Possibly. Certainly I've considered that idea, along with others," Van Law stiffly conceded.

"They weren't. They returned to the United States, highly satisfied. Numerous Titians of Tzintzuntzan are hanging in fine mansions in our great country. That is why I am here."

"Counterfeits, you mean!" Van Law exclaimed, enlightenment for many knotty problems breaking in upon him.

"Forgerics, we call them. I saw one, it is an excellent copy. I caught the next train west, even chancing your displeasure, young man, for the sake of saving a disastrous miscue here."

Forced by Holliday's ensuing silence to say something, Van Law more civilly remarked:

"Naturally, you didn't want your twenty thousand paid for a phony. I apologize for misunderstanding your move."

"No apology is necessary," Holliday heartily answered. "I was not pursuing the twenty thousand. Say, rather, naturally, I did not want the real Titian of Tzintzuntzan to get away from me."

"You still want to buy the picture."

"Most assuredly. More than ever. Now, I have confided in you. Will you help me by giving a detailed account of your adventures here?"

With no further carping, Van Law complied. He detailed his landing, the red-haired girl's stratagem for getting him to the Cordova house, if stratagem it was; Del Valle's efforts both the night before and today to hurry him up in making the purchase; the jealousies of Del Valle and Cordova over Senorita Moreau; his own innocent call upon Carmelita and its effects upon Guadalupe; his plan to buy the Titian and take it away on a boat tonight; Carmelita's letter to him, saying she had solved the puzzle of the picture. Only the mention of the priest and his money did he withhold.

"We have little time to lose," Holliday was more awake than the Captain himself to the necessities of the occasion. "You promised to be there by 9, and it is nearly that now. You must be on your way, but not without a little more explanation from me. I have not a doubt that you have seen the genuine Titian, the substitutions are made later. But you may not have. I must be sure. Can you put Cordova off until tomorrow night and under some pretext coax all but the servants out of the house?"

"Why?" Van Law did not intend to go into any more meanderings of the complicated plot of the Titian without full knowledge of the reasons therefor.

"So that I may see the picture myself. I can tell in five minutes if it is the one I want. I will contrive to get in under some pretext, if you can get Cordova, his charming friend and his daughter, outside. Indeed, you need not be so particular about the last; she is, I gather, the only innocent one in the family. If I can see this picture I will make a mark on it by which you can identify it tomorrow night. Then we may have a chance of getting away with the genuine one."

"I can make a stab at it." Van Law felt new enthusiasm for his mission. Beneath this man's unsuspected energy his own renewed itself. The thing ceased to be a Chinese puzzle in the dark, it revolved itself into an understandable clashing of wits in which he felt an Anglo-Saxon ambition to be one of the uppermost. These conspirators might have fooled other Americans, but they should not fool him any longer."

"Good!" Holliday laid encouraging hand on his shoulder. It did not strike the Captain, as it would have an hour earlier, to find anything unnatural in his depending upon this little dandy for support "You can do it. I'll tend to getting in. Just don't know me at the hotel or elsewhere until I give a sign and don't let the puzzle of the unknown get your goat again, as you would say. Now be off."

CHAPTER X.

CORDOVA'S MOOD CHANGES.

AT THE home of Senor Cordova, Captain Van Law found a gathering which plainly was not at its ease. It consisted of the former bandit, Senorita Moreau, whose red hair was set off with particular fetchingness by a green gown, and Governor del Valle. There was a tenseness in the air that bore unmistakable signs of having existed before his arrival. He was greeted jovially enough by Cordova; the man seemed to have but two possible moods, geniality and moroseness; his nature was too uncouth for gradations. The artificiality of his attempt at hospitality now was almost painful. Once settled in the circle Van Law quickly sensed the strain.

Del Valle chatted amiably, impartially, with them all but his words were forced, his topic trivial. Cordova answered him, boomingly, at times, but it was nearly a monologue in which the Governor was engaging himself in evident efforts to throw off embarrassment.

The cause for this situation, it seemed to Van Law, might be twofold. The coolness of the senorita, which extended to him quite as much as to Del Valle, was undoubtedly prompted by her two highly unsatisfactory beach interviews, the one with the Governor, the other with himself. Cordova's uneasiness was even more easily diagnosed; he was probably anxious to be left alone with his American visitor to complete their delicate negotiations. But the object of the Governor in remaining thus in a place where his unwelcome was so manifest was less easily fathomed.

As Del Valle babbled on, like a fountain of inconsequential talk, the alert American caught a look of almost agonized appeal passing from the bandit to her of the red hair. The Titian crown of beauty was shaken slightly as if in negation of the unspoken request, but a little later she began to unbend; in five minutes she was chatting as gayly as the Governor, in ten she had proposed a stroll to look at the rising moon.

"Will you join us?" she invited, as Del Valle arose with alacrity to accept the suggestion.

"As you like." Van Law politely turned to his host.

"In a few minutes we will join you down by the garden wall," Cordova grunted. Tho there could be no doubt that the senorita was carrying out some wish of his, the man was gruffly unresponsive to the gayety of the pair's departure. Displeasure sat on every feature as he turned to the Captain to say:

"We must get this thing over in a hurry while Guadalupe entertains that fool."

There might be honor among Mexican thieves, that he had not yet proved; but respect was absent with them, the American reflected. He offered no comment, nor did he revert to the business which had brought him here, seeking to put his host at the disadvantage of making the advance. Cordova did not long delay. Abruptly, he asked:

"You are ready? The boat awaits you even now, a sturdy former American fishing launch—the 'Star Rover'."

"An American will be safe on it?" As he put the question Van Law remembered with how much more genuine trepidation it might have come, but for the appearance of Holliday in Ensenada. Instead of resenting his superior's presence he was beginning to welcome it.

"Verdad, senor, why not?" Cordova's surprise seemed genuine.

"I entertained the idea that I might be thrown overboard and the Titian brought back to its proud possessor," Van Law coolly stated.

The bandit's laugh was loud and long, his reply direct and fairly convincing.

"If I intend anything like that, senor, why should I go to the trouble of taking the picture from its frame or of hiring you the boat? So much simpler to murder you here in my own house when you come with the money for the Titian. But I gave up murder as a business when I crossed the mountain. You brought the money with you?"

The Captain shook his head. "I came to tell you I cannot close this deal before tomorrow night," he said, actually apologetic in th face of Cordova's open confession of good faith.

Geniality vanished from the bandit; he shed it as a discarded cloak.

"You trifle with me!" he accused violently. "You do not intend to buy this picture, you are just another penniless intruder, seeking this pretext to meet Guadalupe. I have a notion to begin my old trade anew."

The man swayed on uncertain feet, his passion intoxicating him. His eyes searched the walls, which were innocent of weapons. Van Law experienced the conviction that, did not a consciousness of impotence restrain them, those clasping and unclasping hands would be at his throat even now. Soothingly, he said:

"This is but a delay. I cannot close because my instructions are first to see the painting by daylight, to find if it be genuine."

"Your instructions? Who sends you here? You come not for yourself?"

"No, I am an agent."

Instead of the reassurance which he hoped the statement would convey, Van Law was dismayed to note a deepening of the other's chloric attack. His anger grew so great that he could scarcely speak as he stepped nearer to hiss:

"The fool Governor said there were spies here. You are one of them. You come from those d—n priests of Tzintzuntzan, don't deny it. I heard they were slinking around here. You come from them."

Dismay at this shrewd guess almost convicted Van Law by the speechlessness with which he received it. He stood fascinated, waiting to see how this man would attack him, his brain nevertheless searching for possible methods of defense from the expected assault. The two stood thus, poised, Cordova springing on the balls of his feet; the American's body bent forward to withstand shock. A light laugh penetrated from outside to shake them from their spell; it was Senorita Moreau responding to some remark of the Governor's.

The aroused anger of the bandit whirled wildly in its objective. Strong Spanish curses were directed in low voice against the unseen official. Van Law seized the opportunity to set himself right again with the man.

"One minute, while we've still time," he interposed softly. "I will come tomorrow afternoon to see the painting. If it is all right I will go tomorrow night on the same plan as tonight. I come from an American connoisseur; all this talk of yours about priests is incomprehensible to me."

Cordova eyed him suspiciously, but the anger, as if realizing its futility, dropped slowly away, leaving a shaken, visibly older man trembling in realization of his own impotence. Van Law made himself convincing by drawing from his pocket the roll of bills which he had brought from San Diego, the expense money furnished by Holliday.

"Here is a thousand dollars, as a deposit and to keep the crew of the launch good-natured," he said, peeling off the bills.

The bandit extended his hand. From the door came the call of Senorita Moreau:

"We are tired waiting. Are you coming?"

"Immediately. I could not find my cape." Cordova seized the ready garment from a nearby chair, took Van Law by the arm and went forth.

"This gentleman has an ambition to see the 'Star Rover.' He thinks he may want to hire it tomorrow night," Cordova remarked significantly to the Governor.

"Hire it? But is not the senor leaving on the night boat?" Del Valle exclaimed. It was too dark to see his face, but displeasure was sufficiently apparent in his tone.

"He has decided to stay another day, his business is not accomplished," Cordova explained.

"Always provided the Governor allows me that privilege." Van Law judged this an opportune moment to embarrass the official. "Of course, he has warned me I must leave tonight. Have I your permission to remain, your excellency?"

"I have warned you!" Del Valle was loudly protestant. "Not I, there is some mistake, senor. Perhaps one of my stupid servants. There are spies about, you know, and we find it necessary to be cautious. But you, not you, my friend!"

"Doubtless it was one of your stupid spies, acting in an inadvised moment of cupidity—or jealousy." Having deliv-

The Editor of the Ledger wishes his readers one and all a Merry Christmas. The best and only Christmas present he can give them is to begin what, in the point of sheer compelling interest, is the best story received at his desk in the past twelve months; a story which he himself finished in one breathless sitting. He begins it for Ledger readers, therefore, on Christmas day, the Christmas issue, next week. Its title is "The Strange Sisters."

ered himself, the Captain walked on with the group in silence.

NONE of the four spoke for some time. The American was engaged in wondering how far these two men were working together, how much at cross-purposes, since they were so far removed in confidence from each other. There was no doubting that the Governor had tried to hurry him thru with the purchase of the Titian, Van Law's only possible business here. Yet the Governor did not want this known to the picture's owner nor to the beautiful senorita. Verily, things went in circles in Ensenada.

Two boats pulsed noisily at the little wharf. One of them was the steamer for the north, about to depart; another, which made the steamer imposingly large by comparison, was the 'Star Rover' on which Van Law had assured Cordova he intended to depart the next night. As he looked at its size, a mere fishing shell with small cabin and an engine mounted aft, the Captain was glad indeed of his change in plans.

While the other three of the party stood casually about, watching the final loading of the San Diego boat, the ex-bandit descended to hold converse with the captain of the launch. No comment was made by any one upon his errand, it was as tho they tacitly admitted that this was a matter all understood but none must mention.

From his attitude of renewed cheerfulness upon his return, Cordova's interview must have been extremely satisfactory. For the first time this evening the man became the jokingly blustering person of the night before. His reborn spirits made themselves contagious, all the group responded with a gradual dropping of the barriers of constraint; it was as if some sword which had been hanging over them had been removed.

Whether the stimulation was artificial or natural reaction to previous anxiety, Van Law responded to it with the rest; ignored for a time his dislike of Del Valle, his distrust of Cordova, his disappointment in Senorita Moreau and joined in the new mood.

At the extensive Cordova adobe to which the party returned, the master's mood was instantly communicated to the two or three dusky servants. As one, who had refused him admission that morning relieved him of the light raincoat he had worn as protection from the cool coast night air, she quietly said:

"You got tired waiting, sir."

Van Law nodded in response to this melting of a previously formidable creature, before he sensed the words of her Mexican patios. When he did he pondered a little on what the woman could have meant. "You got tired waiting." Where had he waited and for what? But he soon forgot the incident. Cordova proposed a dance, the man's good humor was increasing. Its cause was another unsolved enigma forgotten in its effect.

To the observing American's greatest astonishment, the former bandit seated himself at the old square piano in the corner of the room and himself began banging out, with no uncertain touch, a sensuous Mexican tango. Senorita Moreau accepted the invitation of Governor Del Valle to dance. Captain Van Law became conscious of another feminine figure in a doorway and an instant later he and Carmelita were also swaying in the dance.

The girl said nothing to him and the Captain was scrupulous in respecting her attitude, which he appreciated was not one of resentment, but a mere matter of caution. He felt the eyes of the older, red-headed girl upon him, surreptitious glances showed she was watching them. Serene in the knowledge of the secret morning appointment with this dark-eyed girl, whom he found more and more fascinating as he felt her grace, Van Law could afford to be circumspect now.

He danced the next time with Senonita Moreau. They, too, were silent except for one interlude when she of the Titian hair whispered:

"Remember my warning about Carmelita. If you feel flirtatious, try me. That is my role."

"Perhaps I do not feel so," he provokingly answered.

It was late when Captain Van Law returned to the Casa de Tourist and bed. He had seen an evening of promised tragedy turned into one of gayety. Why, bothered him little in his satisfied mood.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TITIAN FACTORY.

UNTIL late in the morning did the sleep of Captain Van Law continue after his first strenuous day in Ensenada. Beginning with a suggestion of gloom in the strange, unexpected visit of the morose priest, the day had ended in such a burst of hilarity as would have been equally mysterious to the Captain had not healthy weariness during the night banished any tendency at speculation.

When he arose he realized it was nearly time for his appointment with Carmelita, an appointment which took onaddedattractiveness thru the charm of person of the young Cordova creature of which he had become acutely conscious at the dance of the night before. Van Law had neither time nor inclination to seek out Holliday before he departed for the Cordova's, pausing only to breakfast on a cup of the inky black coffee of the country and a bit of its coarse bread.

His passage of Cordova's favorite mescal joint was made observantly and the care rewarded with sight of the former bandit engaged in his customary morning search for liquid comfort. As to the whereabouts of Senorita Moreau he wasted no thought. He had come to entertain a healthy respect for the hitherto ignored abilities of Senorita Carmelita herself and was confident that she would not have given him instructions to boldly approach the door if she had not been sure of her ground. Romantic the girl probably was; Van Law felt thrills himself in realizing it. But she had the practical streak which is never entirely absent from those of high-caste Spanish blood, no matter how wild may seem their actions.

Carmelita admitted him herself, with a merry courtesy of welcome. A little embarrassed, he knew not why, Van Law answered only in mocking bow of the same stamp and entered the big living-room. There he found something to drive all thoughts of self from his mind. The Titian was gone from the wall—missing, frame and all.

"Where is it?" he whispered in astonishment.

"I thought you were taking it, last night," she answered, in light whisper which set the tone of their conversation.

"Last night? I was dancing with you until I went away."

"Before then, I mean. But don't worry. I'll show you in a few minutes. Really, tho, I did think you had come to take it while all were away last night, after you had everybody, you thought, out of the house."

"But I did not come back, until I came with your father and the others," he protested.

"Very well, if you do not think you can trust me." Sincere hurt shone in her lustrous eyes. Van Law was carried away by their reproach.

"I would trust you with anything," he exclaimed, attempting to draw her to him. "But I am in the dark about what you mean. Truly, I did not come back. Maria, the servant, said something like that to me last night. What does it all mean?"

"I saw you." Carmelita had resisted his caress. "I should not have been peeping, of course. But I wondered who it was, when Maria answered the knock. I heard you ask if the others had returned yet and say you would wait. Because I thought it was funny you're coming alone, I continued to peep. I saw you go to the Titian and finger it, I thought I saw you begin to cut it off with a knife, I was wild to stop you. But just then Maria called me away, and when I came back after quite a time the painting was there all right and you had gone. Then, soon, you appeared with the rest and I knew everything was all right."

Van Law laid a hand on each of the girl's shoulders and compelled her to face him.

"Look at me closely," he said, tensely. "Was it me that you saw?"

"Maria had part of the candles out, but it was you; I know your figure. It was just your size."

"Didn't the caller have a beard, a little short, gray beard?" The Captain had wondered if Holliday had succeeded in viewing the picture as he had said he would.

"No, certainly not. His face was smooth. Was it not you, truly, Senor Arturo?"

"It was not. I ask you to believe that, Carmelita, because there must be no secrets between us. I think I know who it was, an American friend of mine who wanted to see the picture, to advise me if it was genuine. He is about my size."

"Did he say it was genuine?" Again her face became roguish, she seemed to

SHE DARKENED HER GRAY HAIR

Tells How She Did It With a Home-Made Remedy.

Mrs. E. H. Boots, a well-known resident of Buchanan County, Ia., who darkened her gray hair, made the following statement:

"Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy with this simple remedy, which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, one small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently. It does not color the scalp, is not greasy and does not rub off. It will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger."

How I Turned Pleasant Hours At Home Into Dollars

A Narrative

By Edna L. Rivers

LAURA COMSTOCK came over to my house one hot morning last May and threw herself down despondently in the morris chair.

She is my next door neighbor and my closest friend, so it isn't surprising that we share a good many confidences. I saw from her face and red eyes that Laura wanted to get something off her mind, so I said,

"Tell me the worst at once. Has Frank lost his job? Or has your Bobby put a button up his nose? Or have you spilled ink on the one and only Turkish rug? Or is it a **real** catastrophe?"

Laura smiled a little in spite of herself and replied,

"No, I wish it **was** a real catastrophe; then it would be over sooner—but I just can't stand this continual skimping and scraping of money! It's just economize, economize, economize—and with all that Frank and I can do we never do more than make ends meet. Frank ought to get a good vacation this summer and we can't afford it. I need some new summer clothes and I've got to make over my last year's organdie and retrim my old hat. And Bobby, well Bobby goes through a pair of shoes in almost no time, and they cost more now than his father's used to. And to cap the climax Frank got a letter this morning saying that our rent is going to be raised ten dollars. Isn't it awful? I think I have a right to cry!"

I agreed with Laura about that, for I was having similar worries myself, but I wanted to cheer her up a little so I said,

"Well, if our husbands can't make more money for us, let's go into business for ourselves. You and I would make fine partners. All that's lacking is the business. What can we make, or do, that will sell?"

Laura shook her head sadly.

"My dear," she said, "there's nothing I haven't thought of—getting subscriptions, for magazines, embroidering, making fine cakes to sell, stenography, and a lot of other things. But the things I think of either cost too much to start, or they would take me away from the children just when they need me most. There are objections to all of them. It's no use."

She reached over to the table, picked up a magazine and began to turn the pages idly, while she tried to keep the tears back. Suddenly she sat up straight and began to read intently. I glanced over her shoulder and saw the words, "Make Money in Your Own Home." We both read the page through without stopping. Then I said,

"Let's send to Buffalo and find out all about it. It sounds good. I really believe we've found that business we were trying to think of."

Well, we did send, and when the booklet and circulars arrived, we found that we really had found just the kind of business we wanted.

Now, after only a few months, the money situation is entirely changed in both Laura's home and mine. She didn't have to put up with her last year's dress and hat, and neither did I. We stopped worrying about money. In August both our families had a wonderful two weeks camping trip in the woods, and we did it without Laura and I having to give up our "business." In fact, we took it with us and it paid for our fun while we were having it.

And it didn't take any more time than we have often spent on "fancy work" that didn't bring a cent. Besides, the work was so simple that Laura's Bobby and my little girl learned to help in the "business" too.

When my husband and Laura's both began to take a hand at using the machines, we named our camp, "The Make Money at Home Club," and the name has stuck. Since we have been back in town several of our neighbors, women who had also been battling with the high cost of living, have joined our club and have begun to make money with the **Auto Knitter.**

That is the name of the wonderful little machine that has enabled all the members of our club to escape from the worry and heartache of making ends meet. How did we do it? Simply by knitting socks. No, not by the slow old process of hand knitting, which took about a day for one sock, but by using the **Auto Knitter.**

This marvelous, but very simple, easily-worked machine turns out fine, seamless wool socks with almost magical speed. Now that Laura and I have gained practice with the **Auto Knitter** we often make a sock in only ten minutes!

And the best part of it is that we have a **guaranteed, constant market** for every pair of socks we make at a **guaranteed price.** The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company of Buffalo has contracted to take every sock our club turns out. Every member has a machine and as soon as we have a shipment of ten dozen pairs finished we send it right off and back comes the pay check by return mail, together with a new supply of wool to replace that used in the socks sent to the company. We wait until we have ten dozen pairs because the company pays the shipping charges on ten dozen or over.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company is an old, firmly established American corporation, engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They believe in the independent employee, and know from experience that the best work is that done by well-paid, contented people, working in happy homes.

The Company's world-wide business connections give them an enormous market for socks—everybody, everywhere, needs them—and the company constantly needs more workers to make socks in their own homes. They need **you.**

When you decide to become an Auto Knitter worker, as Laura and I did, the Auto Knitter company will make a contract to pay you a fixed guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk—you can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay check—promptly.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out employment Offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to Laura and me, and all the others in our "Make Money at Home Club." By all means write to the Auto Knitter company at once and find out about the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in their organization. Find out what substantial amounts even a small part of your spare time will earn for you.

Remember that experience is unnecessary; that you do not need to know how to knit. The Auto Knitter does the work.

I can never be thankful enough that Laura and I didn't put off writing for information about it on that May morning when we were both so discouraged.

You will never regret writing for it either. Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.,

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Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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like the confidence between them.

"I have not seen him," Van Law answered. Something in her voice made him ask, "What should he tell me, yes or no?"

"Yes, of course. But I know now why the Titian always comes back, after it is sold. It is because it never goes away."

"Never goes away?" He could not follow her.

"It is not the Titian that the buyers take with them. Come with me; it is for his that I have summoned you."

She took him thru a long passage that led to a back garden, distinct from the one where they had enjoyed their delightful conversation of the day before. A ladder leaned against the wall, leading up to the low, tiled roof. Carmelita pointed to it.

"Climb up and cross the roof softly," she instructed. "You better leave your shoes at the top. Go to the glass—the skylight, you will see and peep over. But be careful to cast no shadow over it with your head; go to it from the opposite side of the sun."

Wondering what this remarkable move could mean, but not doubting that it was a serious matter, for the girl was much excited, Captain Van Law explicitly obeyed her instructions. His stocking feet made no noise on the tiles and he was careful to step in the little hollows between them to avoid possible displacement. The skylight, a rude incision of modernity on the old style roof, was near the center of the expanse, and because of the building's higher front and side walls must be invisible from the front or sides.

Van Law approached it warily and stooped to peer over. What he saw nearly made him forget the girl's warning of caution. Below spread out a commodious studio, evidently hidden in the center of the Cordova house, for its sides had no windows and only one door gave access to it. The walls were gay with sketches, many of them of size similar to that he had seen the red-haired girl working upon the day before when Governor Del Valle interrupted her. A couch or two and Oriental rugs added the conventional touch which conveys unconventional atmosphere to a studio.

But what caught the eyes of the peeper and almost destroyed his balance, was the famous Titian, still in its frame, sitting on an easel in the middle of the room, directly beneath the skylight. Beside it was another easel, bearing a canvas of exactly the same size.

Before the latter canvas, casting frequent glances at the masterpiece, but wielding a brush with a sureness that betrayed much experience at this sort of thing, stood Senorita Guadalupe Moreau. She was copying the famous painting, doing it calmly; with unemotional thoroness that bespoke much familiarity with her task.

Again the man overhead glanced about the room. In the corner he saw another big canvas against the wall. It was a completed copy of the same noted painting. His untrained eye, traveling back and forth from the framed picture on the easel to the side view of the canvas in the corner, could detect absolutely no difference between them.

CAPTAIN VAN LAW seated himself on the roof by the skylight and proceeded to a thoro mental housecleaning. Things which had bothered him ever since his arrival, which had led to the charge of Holliday that he was rattled, became now crystal clear. He had stumbled on a Titian factory. Therein lay the explanation of everything.

No wonder the Cordovos had tried to hurry him in the purchase. At the rate these pictures were being turned out here customers were liable to tread on each others heels. Del Valle must be their confederate; even if he got nothing but bribes for allowing the fake paintings to leave the country he must derive a substantial income therefrom. Holliday said that he had discovered the forgeries were coming out of the country and had hurried hither to prevent the Captain buying one, but even he had not known of their origin. At least, Van Law now had one piece of intelligence with which to show his superior he was very much alive to the situation.

But there was one real Titian. Everything pointed to truth in Cordova's claim that he had stolen it from the church at Tzintzuntzan. Holliday had vouched for that, Del Valle accepted it, the priest of the ready cash had made it plain that his hatred was based on that theft. Senorita Moreau was even now copying that real Titian down there in the hidden studio. No wonder Cordova had welcomed her return, no wonder he was jealous of the attentions of others to her. She was even more valuable than simply as a most personable youthful female.

Where there was still such a valuable prize, there was still the incentive to spirited action. Captain Van Law made his way back to the ladder in renewed vigor and caution. Carmelita awaited him at its base. Curiosity as to how she had made this discovery and why she had disclosed it to him, led him to ask a number of questions of the girl.

"How did you find out about this? Have you known it long?"

"Only since yesterday. I always wondered where Guadalupe disappeared to every day, but as I go to the nun's school still for my French lessons I did not notice particularly. Yesterday, when she was gone, I went to her room, purely for a scarf she has promised me, and there was a door I did not know existed, standing open. It was usually hidden by a tapestry that is—part of papa's plunder. But she had left in a hurry, it was in the afternoon, and I don't know where she went. So I looked in and saw that copy of the Titian standing in the corner. Then I knew all."

"You dared much to let me come," he suggested.

"The servants are all loafing or at market, and I am supposed to be at the school. You know where Senor Cordova is. But you must not linger now. It is dangerous for us both."

"Why did you tell me this?" he asked, closely watching her mobile face.

"Was it not because you are a hero who comes to me over the garden wall?" she flashed back, with the first touch of her lighter manner of the yesterday.

Intensely wishing that such were the case, Van Law made common sense triumph over a self-admitted tendency to the romantic and sternly insisted:

"That was not the reason. Please, so I may know how to act, why did you show me this secret of Senor Cordova and Senorita Moreau?"

"Because I hoped you would find a way to stop this practice," the girl burst out passionately. "Because it is spoiling all our lives; I did not know what it was, but now I see it is this. My father gave up his wild life because he realized I was growing up and it blighted my future, and I pleaded with him to drop his banditry, no matter how unjust his enemies had been. So we came here and I thought everything would be all right. But there began this coming of strange Americans to bargain for the Titian. Every time one comes and buys and goes away, father and Lupe become so moody, so sad, so unlike themselves. Guadalupe cries alone in her room and father drinks more than ever and has not a good word for anyone."

She paused to regard Van Law in a strange silence for a minute before she naively continued:

"I thought they murdered the buyers, because the pictures always reappeared. And I liked you; you were gentlemanly and did not try to make improper advances to me just because I am a Mexican girl. Yesterday when we were so happy in the garden, I could not bear to think you, too, might be killed, so I warned you as much as I dared. Then I learned of this room. I sent for you, to show you that you might protect yourself from deceit and that, perhaps, you might stop this thing, whatever it is that is spoiling all our lives. Will you help me, help them? They need your help."

Both her hands were in his, her eyes raised to him in supplication. Captain Van Law stooped to kiss the upraised lips.

"I will help you all," he promised recklessly.

The girl broke from his grasp, to disappear into the house, leaving the man to make his way as best he might from the premises by the back garden gate. A little way down the street he heard the harsh voice of Senor Cordova, ex-bandit and dealer in choice Titians, upraised in morning intoxicated song. The American turned a convenient corner and escaped an interview.

Now that the Captain has been "put wise" to the game, he must secure the original Titian itself. How he attempts this comes out in next week's installment.

AN OLD FAVORITE

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BUSINESS IN MISSISSIPPI

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

Why, howdy, Mahsr Johnny! Is you gone to keepin' store?
Well, sah, I is surprised! I nebber heard of dat afore.
Say, ain't you gwine to gib me piece o' good tobacco, please?
I's 'long wid you in Georgia, time we all wuz refugees.

I know'd you would; I alluz tells the people, white an' black,
Dat you's a r'al gen'l'man, an' dat's de libbin' fac'—
Yes, sah, dat's what I tells 'em, an' it's nuffin else but true,
An' all de cullud people thinks a mighty heap ob you.

Look heah, sah, don't you want to buy some cotton? Yes, you do;
Dere's oder people wants it, but I'd rader sell to you.
How much? Oh, jes a bale—dat on de wagon in de street—
Dis heah's de sample—dis cotton's mighty hard to beat!

You'll fin' it on de paper, what de offers is dat's made;
Dey's all de some seditions—half in cash, half in trade.
Dey's mighty low, sah; come, now, can't you 'prove upon de rates
Dat Barrot Brothers offers—only twelb an' seben-eights?

Lord, Mahsr Johnny, raise it! Don't you know dat I's a frien',
An' when I has de money I is willin' fur to spen'?
My custom's wuff a heap, sah; jes you buy de bale an' see.
Dere didn't nebber nobody lose nuffin off ob me.

Now, what's de use ob gwin dere an' a-zaminin' ob de bale?
When people trades wid me dey alluz gits an hones' sale;
I ain't no han' fur cheatin'; I beliebes in actin' fa'r,
An' ebrybody'll tell you dey alluz foun' me squar'.

I isn't like some niggers; I declar' it is a shame
De way some ob dem swin'les—What! de cotton ain't de same
As dat's in de sample! well, I'm blest, sah, ef it is!
Dis heah must be my brudder's sample—Yes, sah, dis is his.

If dat don't beat creation! Heah I've done been totin' 'round
A sample different from de cotton! I—will—be—consound!
Mahsr Johnny, you must scuse me. Take de cotton as it stan's,
An' tell me ef you're willin' fur to take it off my han's.

Sho! nebber min' de auger! 'tain't a bit o' use to bore;
De bale is all de same's dis heah place de baggin's tore;
You oughtn't to go pullin' out de cotton dat a-way;
It spiles de beauty ob de—What, sah! rocks in dar, you say!

Rocks in dat ar cotton! How de debbil kin dat be?
I packed dat bale myse'f—hol' on a minute, le'—me—see—
My stars! I mus' be crazy! Mahsr Johnny, dis is fine!
I's gone an' hauled my brudder's cotton in, instead ob mine!

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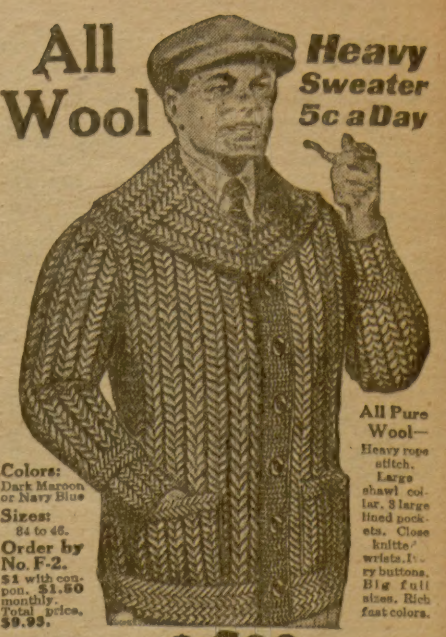

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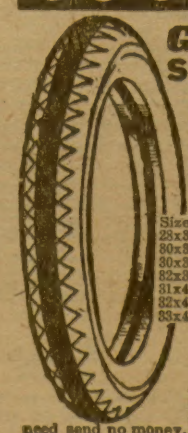

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The Devil's Own

By Randall Parrish

To Refresh Your Memory

RALE, the proprietor, proved to be looking for a man to do some shady work, and he seized upon Knox, unshaven and dirty as he was, for that work. He wished a man to wait some distance away from the camp that night with two horses to take two women down to Bear Creek, twenty miles away, to which point Kirby was to come later and marry one of them. But at the meeting place, in the dark of night, the starlight fell on Knox's face and revealed him to Kirby, his enemy.

Knox overpowered Kirby, and left him, trussed up and gagged, with the two women, and

TIM KENNEDY, the deputy sheriff, who had now turned against Kirby, fled. After the girl recovered from the drug with which she was stupefied, she admitted to Knox that she was Eloise Beaucaire, and not Rene, the octoroon. Thru woods and across rivers they traveled, coming upon signs of Indian camps, which became thicker and thicker. Perplexed as to what steps to take to avoid the enemies of all white men, they came upon a massacred squad of soldiers, and still later upon a lad who had been the only one of them to escape death.

This story began in No. 43, the Ledger for Oct. 28. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE VALLEY OF THE BUREAU.

I GLANCED backward across my shoulder toward the others. Both girls were sleeping soundly, while beyond them, down the slope, the three horses were quietly cropping away at the herbage. I managed to rise.

"Let's move back to the spring, where we will not wake them up," I suggested. "Now we can talk."

My eyes sought the face of the lad questioningly. He was a loose-lipped, awkward lout, trembling still from a fright he could not conceal.

"You belonged to that squad killed out yonder?"

"Yes, seh; I reckon I'se the only one whut ain't ded," he stammered, so tongue-tied I could scarcely make out his words. "I wuz gone after wahter, an' when them Injuns begun fer ter yell, I never dun nuthin' but just run, an' hid in the bush."

"But you are wounded?"

He put a red hand to his face, touching it gingerly.

"I dun got racked with a branch; I wus thet skeered I just cudn't see nuthin', seh."

"I understand. What is your name?"

"Asa Hall."

"Well, Asa, I suppose those were militiamen; you belonged to the company?"

He nodded, his eyes dull, his lips moving, as tho it was an effort to talk. Quite evidently whatever little intellect he had ever possessed, now refused to respond. Kennedy broke in impatiently.

"It takes thet boy 'bout an hour fer ter tell enything, Cap," he explained gruffly. "I reckon he's skeered half ter death in the furst place, an' then thar's sumthin' wrong with him enyhow. Maybe I kin give ye the main pints. Them thar fellers belonged ter Cap. Hough's company frum down Edwardsville way—greener then grass, most ov 'em. They'd cum up frum sumwhar on the Illinoy, an' was headin' for Dixon. Never onct thought thar might be Injuns down yere, an' never kept no guard. Them Injuns jumped 'em at daybreak, an' not a soul knew they wus thar, till they yelled. 'Twan't no fight, just a massacre. This feller he got away, just as he sed he did, by a hidin' in the bush. I reckon he wan't even seed at all, but he was so blame close thet he heerd 'bout all thet went on, an' even seed a bit of it. Lord! I hed ter poke him out; he wus thet skeered he cudn't stand."

"Wal, I reckon yer'd a bin, too," the boy stuttered angrily. "I ain't never seed no Injun afore."

"An don't wanter ever see no more, I reckon. Hell! I don't hanker after eny myself. Howsumever, it's whut he seed an' heerd, Cap, thet sounds mighty queer ter me. He sez thar wus mor'n fifty bucks in thet party, an' that ol' Black Hawk wus thar hisself, a leadin' 'em—he done saw him."

I turned, surprised at this statement, to stare into the boy's face. He half grinned back at me, vacantly.

"Black Hawk! He could scarcely be down here; what did he look like?"

"'Bout six feet high, I reckon, with a big hooked nose an' the blackest pair o' mean eyes ever yer saw. I reckon he didn't have no eyebrows, an' he wore a bunch o' eagle feathers, an' a red blanket. Gosh, Mister, but the Devil cudn't look no worse'n he did."

"Wus thet him, Cap?" burst in Tim, anxiously.

"It's not a bad description," I admitted, yet not convinced. "I can't believe he would be here with a raiding party. If he was, there must be some important object in view. Is that all?"

"No, 'tain't; the boy swears thar was a white man 'long with 'em, a feller with a short moustache, an' dressed in store clothes. He wan't no prisoner, nuther, but hed a gun, an' talked ter Black Hawk, most like he wus a chief hisself. After the killin' wus all over, he wus the one whut got 'em ter go off thar to the south, the whole kit an' kaboodle. Onct he spoke in English, just a word, er two. Asa cudn't make out whut he sed, but 'twas all right."

"I don't doubt that. There have always been white renegades among the Sacs and plenty of half-breeds. Those fellows are more dangerous than the Indians themselves—more savage, and revengeful. If Black Hawk, and this other fellow are leading this band, they are after big game somewhere, and we had better keep out of their way. I favor saddling up immediately, and traveling all night."

"So do I," and Tim flung a half-filled bag from his shoulder to the ground. "But I vote we eat furst. 'Tain't much, only a few scraps I found out thar; but you, Hall, give me a hand, an' then we'll go out, an' round up them hosses."

If the party of raiding Indians, whose foul deed we had discovered, had departed in a southerly direction, as their trail would plainly seem to indicate, then our safest course would seemingly be directed eastward up the valley. This would give us the protection of the bluffs, and take us more and more out of the territory they would be likely to cover. All this I explained to Eloise as we struggled with the hard bread, and a few strips of smoked bacon. Most of the bag had held cornmeal, but no one suggested a fire, as we were glad enough to possess anything which would still the pangs of hunger. Eloise, filled with sympathy, attempted to converse with Hall, who ate as tho half-starved, using hands and teeth like a young animal, but the boy was so embarrassed, and stuttered so terribly, as to make the effort useless. Within twenty minutes we were in saddle, descending the steep hillside thru the darkness, Tim walking ahead with the lad, his horse trailing behind, and the long rifle across his shoulder.

It was a hard night journey. Occasionally as we toiled onward I could hear Elsie moan and sob, but Eloise gave utterance to no sound, except to reply cheerfully whenever I addressed her. The exceeding roughness of the passage made our progress slow, and quite frequently we were all obliged to

(Continued on Page 21.)

To Relieve Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness And Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can usually be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:

Secure from your druggist 1 oz. Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it ¾ pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are nearly always quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing, rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.—Adv.

Winston-Salem, N. C.
Friday p. m.

DEAR OLD PETE:

Just wound up the one swellest day of my life! Since early this morning, when I got an invitation to visit R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. factories, I've been in the midst of millions of Camel cigarettes.

Man—the happiest idea you or I *ever* had as to the size of this Reynolds enterprise, or the number of Camels manufactured daily, is *simply piker-stuff!* Wipe off the slate and start fresh! Why—Pete, it seemed to me like a couple of those cigarette-making machines could keep half the nation smoking Camels steadily—BUT—honest to goodness, there are *hundreds of these machines* batting out Camels at the rate of 27,000 an hour—*EACH!*

Pete, you wouldn't have to consult a guide book to know you were in the Camel factories! The atmosphere is charged with that wonderful aroma you get when you open up a deck of Camels! And, *you know*, old elephant—you've had a trunk full!

As the Camels dropped into the containers I figured the delight each one would supply! And, how Camels mellow, mild body would hit the right spot and how Camels refreshing flavor would cheer up some smoker's jaded appetite! And, each Camel *free* from any unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or unpleasant cigaretty odor! And—

Pete—I'll have to lay off and light another Camel!

Yours joyously

Shorty

Camel
CIGARETTES

Ford Auto

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

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Off Half Moon Reefs

By George Ethelbert Walsh

You Can Start the Story by Reading This:

ROGER MASON, deep-sea sailor, having become a drug addict after numerous visits to Oriental ports, altho still a young man, found himself wandering aimlessly about on the coast of Georgia, a physical wreck and in dire need of his usual dose of cocaine. He had visited the office of

DOC MELCHIOR, a shady character carrying on in a village near the cove where Roger now found himself, had paid for a small supply of the dope, and after a few angry words had passed between the pair had been thrown from the doctor's office with the warning not to come there again. While swearing vengeance on the dope handler, Roger chanced to observe a trim three-masted schooner lying in the cove, in shallow water, evidently awaiting the return of the tide. While gazing at the ship Roger was approached by

CHIC DOBY, who promised him a liberal supply of the drug if he would go aboard the schooner and apply for a berth as an able seaman, and then do his best to delay the ship's sailing—by fair means or foul—until he, Doby, could return with a sufficient force to capture the skipper and his crew, whom Doby branded as smugglers of something or other that could be easily handled. Doby confessed that he was anxious to get revenge upon

CAPTAIN HOLDING, skipper of the schooner Sky Pilot, claiming Holding had cheated him out of part ownership in the craft. Soon after boarding the ship, in which he was assisted by a pleasing young woman who handled a pair of oars like a veteran seaman, Roger was introduced to

JANE HOLDING, the captain's daughter, the same who had helped him aboard, who, after her mother's death, was pleased to make her home on her father's schooner, the cabins of which were now furnished more like a cozy bungalow than a three-masted coasting ship. The girl, a kind and attractive maid, quickly discovered Roger's "weakness" and was truly sorry for the young man. She tried to persuade him to remain aboardship and thus get safely away from the poisonous stuff that had unmanned him, but when a short distance out of the cove she heard a splash in the water, she believed Roger had made good his declaration that he would swim ashore when the schooner put out to sea. However, the splash was not made by Roger.

It developed that it was Chic Doby who had come aboard the Sky Pilot during the night hour, and for no good purpose, as has already been intimated. To carry out his scheme he tempted Roger with an offer of regular allowances of the drug, in return for which Roger was expected to aid that crafty fellow in carrying out his plot.

Jane, becoming aware of Doby's possession of a supply of the drug and his power over Roger, resolved to save the young man from himself and his tempter. She found her ward a difficult chap to handle, as did her father, the captain, who in a wordy quarrel was forced to fasten a rope to the obstreperous one and give him a brief bath in the sea. After this treatment Roger humbly promised to be good. The captain expressed the hope that Roger would keep his word and try and "make a man of himself."

This story began in No. 49 of the Ledger for Dec. 4. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VI (Continued).

ROGER made no reply. The ducking had given him a shock that cured his headache, but it had also started his weakened body to shivering violently. He could not speak for his chattering teeth. Jane came forward and spoke kindly.

"I'll lay out dry clothes for you, Mr. Mason. You must change at once. Then I'll have something hot for you to drink."

Roger followed her to the cabin where after hunting around in a locker she found an extra suit of her father's and threw them on a chair for him. "When you're dressed. I'll return," she said, leaving the cabin.

Roger made a quick exchange of suits, and true to her word Jane returned and brewed him a cup of hot coffee. After drinking this the blood began coursing more normally thru his veins. He could view his recent plight with philosophical calm. He felt quite comfortable in the warm cabin. Jane was seated opposite him, watching him unmoved. He was inclined to be talkative.

"Why do you take so much trouble with me, Jane?" he asked, smiling.

She frowned and returned his gaze frankly. "I don't know," she replied finally, "unless it's for the same reason I can't bear to see a dog starve or a cat killed without doing something."

"That's what I'd call being frank," he laughed. "Now I'll match you. I'll tell you the truth. I overheard what you said to your father about me—about taking the cocaine away from me while I slept. It was honorable, Jane, but it didn't matter. I didn't have a grain of the stuff on me."

"You've used it all up?" she asked eagerly. "You haven't any more?"

"Not a grain," he replied, grinning. "I didn't have any when I came aboard."

She regarded him for a moment with narrowing eyes. "I think," she said slowly, "that must be a lie! I saw you asleep under the influence of it."

"Yes, you did," he replied, amused at her surprise, "but I got that aboard the Sky Pilot, and there's more where it came from—enough to last this trip."

He laughed again at her puzzled face, and lapsed into silence.

CHAPTER VII.

ROGER'S status aboard the Sky Pilot was somewhat anomalous. He had not signed up as a member of the crew, nor had he engaged berth as a passenger. Theoretically he might be classified as a stowaway, and hence under the common sea law be put in irons by the captain or detailed to do any work he chose.

Chic Doby's case was slightly different. He had boarded the schooner without the consent of the captain, and secreted himself in the lifeboat until far out to sea, which made him a stowaway pure and simple; but Captain Holding for reasons of his own appeared anxious to conciliate and not to cross him.

Roger was curious, in his lucid moments, about the relationship between the two men. All that he knew was what Chic had told him that first day of meeting. If Captain Holding was engaged in smuggling, Jane was a party to the crime; but it was difficult for Roger to consider her in this light unless, as he was finally forced to conclude, she had been led into it thru affection for her father. The two were very close, and Jane was a kind to sacrifice herself in defense of one she loved.

She was a practical girl; a good worker, and one with a head on her—not at all sentimental or soft. Apparently unconscious of her physical beauty she associated with the men on even terms, asking no favors, and expecting none on account of her sex. Roger liked her for this; he hated sentimental girls, and, in the past, had been afraid of them. But there was nothing to be afraid of in Jane.

Chic Doby exercised a certain secret influence over the captain that was noticeable even to the crew; but Jane was not to be intimidated, and Doby seemed to be aware of this. It irritated and angered him; but at the same time he was not quite able to cast it off even in his worst moments of passion.

On the fourth day out Roger overheard them in a violent altercation. He was crouching abaft the main mast, shivering and shaking in a sort of delirium. Not since the night of his ducking in the sea had he used any of the drug, and his nerves were frayed to a ragged edge by his self-denial.

He silently cursed himself for a fool in not seeking relief from torment. Chic had offered him a second dose, but Roger had spurned it with contempt. Why he did this, he could not explain; it was as inexplicable to him as it was to Doby; but having made the decision he stood by it.

"Well, when you want it ask for it," Chic had said. "Mebbe you'll have to beg for it."

A faint recrudescence of pride had kept Roger silent. He fortified his irresolution by the reflection that Chic needed him, and in time would repeat his offer. Roger knew he could not refuse it the second time. Even his pride now was weakening, and he had to fight against the desire to cringe and beg for the stuff.

He attributed his temporary self-denial to a desire to show Chic Doby he could get along without the drug, and rather than humiliate himself before the man he would suffer in silence until he was needed. Then Chic would have to bribe him. Roger would take his revenge in good measure when that time came. He grinned happily at the thought.

That there was any other motive back of his self-abnegation Roger refused to admit even to himself. Yet whenever he met Jane, and looked her in the eye, he was glad that his mind was clear and not crazed by the drug. She seemed to notice this, and smiled gravely. Also there was in her glance something of comprehension of what he was suffering, and once or twice she hesitated as if to sympathize with him; but Roger repelled her so meaningly that her good intentions got no further than looks.

Roger was in the agony of the third day's abstenance; crouching behind the main mast like a wild beast ready to spring upon its prey. Human nature seemed to have reached its limits. He had to have the drug; his mind was temporarily clouded. He was ready to commit any act to alleviate his sufferings. As frequently happens to drug addicts, his brooding had turned his mind in bitter hatred against the one who had the power to relieve him.

But the Other Inevitable Reaction Followed.

Chic Doby's appearance on the scene suddenly surcharged his whole being with animosity. Chic was wilfully withholding the stuff from him, making him suffer the torments of hell. Chic was responsible for most of his troubles. If it hadn't been for him Roger would never have boarded the Sky Pilot. Yes, Chic had planned to get him aboard, and now that he had him here he was punishing him just for the pleasure of seeing him suffer.

Roger's hands opened and closed spasmodically; his eyes watched his enemy in crafty silence; his nerves and muscles, drawn taut as fiddlestrings, were vibrant with passion. In that moment Roger was a madman, with but one idea in mind; he would spring upon Chic and choke him until he gave up all the cocaine he had in his possession. He would ask for it, beg for it; he would take it!

Jane's unexpected appearance interfered with Roger's mad plan. She saw Doby alone, and forthwith joined him, without premeditation, and began talking to him in a low, steady voice. Roger was unable to retreat without detection.

"Chic, I want to speak to you alone," she said, coming close to him. "I must know your purpose here. Things have gone as far as they should. Father will not stand much more. He'll kill you, Chic; yes, kill you as he would a yellow dog, and throw you overboard. He'd have done it before if it hadn't been for me."

Doby showed his teeth in a smile, and said mockingly: "I didn't know you cared so much for me, Jane, that you would interfere in my behalf. It's very flattering."

"Don't be a fool, Chic!" she interrupted placidly. "You know it's for father, and not for you. I don't want him to do anything he may regret later."

"Oh, then, you think he'd regret it if he killed me!" was the sneering comment.

"No," she replied, looking him fearlessly in the eye, "not regret the fact that he had killed you—he could do it without compunction, I imagine, and never regret that part of it—but it would always lay heavily on his soul that he had made me a murderer's daughter. No matter how justified the crime, he would always feel that he had been unfair to me. That, Chic, is why he takes these insults from you. You think it's his cowardice, but it's not. If I said the word tomorrow, he would throw you overboard or put you in irons."

The low intensity of the voice carried more conviction to the two listeners than if it had been raised to a high, passionate pitch. The smile left Chic Doby's face. Somehow he felt that the girl was defying him, challenging him, and that he had to accept the gauntlet thrown down or forever lose his self-respect in her presence. An ugly expression succeeded the smile.

"That's a threat, Jane, isn't it?" he said.

"No, it's a warning."

"A warning with a penalty to it!" he laughed harshly. "Well, Jane, you needn't be considerate of my feelings. Go back and tell Jim Holding he can begin hostilities tomorrow. I'm ready for him. I don't want any of his daughter's sympathy. Forget it, Jane, and keep your hands off. Let us fight it out between us."

An expression of pain and misery swept across the girl's face, and for an instant she looked tired and old. Then

(Continued on Page 14.)

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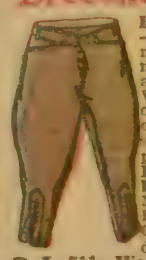

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Off Half Moon Reefs

(Continued From Page 12.)

a note of appeal came into her voice. "Chic, haven't you any heart?" she added. "Can't you see this—this thing will bring misery to all of us? If you should kill father, or he should kill you—it—— Oh, Chic, for the sake of old times, when—when we were friends can't you forgive and forget?"

"Forgive and forget!"

The ugly face was repulsive in its hatred, and the harsh laugh singularly discordant and tantalizing. "Forgive Jim Holding, and forget what he did to me!" he added, stepping nearer. Then snapping his fingers in Jane's face, he growled: "I'd see him in hell first—and you, too!"

JANE unconsciously retreated; her face went very pale, and her eyes wavered before the glare of the beast in the other's. A sudden inspiration that he had broken thru the barrier that had always restrained him in the presence of the girl brought a gleam of triumph to his eyes. To frighten, to terrorize her; to break down her haughty spirit; to humiliate her, because she was Jim Holding's daughter—that would be sweet consolation. It would pay him for the many times she had defied him, tyrannizing over him thru the subtle power of a woman's will.

He followed her up, as she retreated, and again snapped his fingers in her face. "And you, too, d—n you!" he added, using forceful language to emphasize his triumph. He was no longer afraid of her; she was afraid of him; she was cowering away from him now, with terror in her eyes.

"I've stood enough of your tongue," he went on. "You've butted in once too often. Now go and do your worst!"

He caught her by the arm and whirled her around. The physical contact may have awakened Jane from her terror, or the natural reaction from fear to anger may have been responsible. Her face flushed, and the blue eyes flashed dangerously.

"Take your hand off me, Chic," she said in a low, even voice. "Take it off, or——"

"Or what?" he mocked, grinning. "What will you do? You've got the spunk of a wild cat, Jane, but I've tamed wild cats, and I can tame you. Come here!"

He seized her shoulders with both hands and drew her toward him. Quick as a flash Jane raised a hand and brought it across his face with a resounding whack. It caught him on the bridge of the nose and straight in the eyes, temporarily blinding and confusing him. The slap had been as sharp as it was unexpected.

Jane did not even deign to flee when she had the opportunity. It was not her way to run in a panic. She faced him defiantly, her figure drawn up to its full height.

"If you ever lay hands on me again, Chick," she said steadily, "it will be dangerous for——"

Not until it was too late did it dawn upon her that she had unloosed the worst in the man's nature, having goaded him beyond the point where the restraining influences of caution and self-interest acted as a brake to his mind. He came toward her with such a malevolent expression in his eyes that she trembled in fear. It was not the sudden passion of a man, but the calm, implacable hatred of a beast intent upon crushing the life out of its victim. Even his voice was steady and passionless.

"Jane, I'll pay you for that!" he said quite calmly, encircling her with his arms.

Looking into his face, and feeling the pressure of the hands slowly gripping her, she knew that he would carry out his threat. Shivering in fright, she opened her mouth to scream, but as if anticipating this he clapped a hand over it and smothered the outcry to a gurgle.

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Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

It was a quiet struggle; so quiet that at a short distance one might have thought the couple engaged in mutual exchanges of affectionate embraces.

To Roger, crouching in the shadow of the mast, it was all a horrible nightmare that for a moment froze him to the spot. His teeth chattered; his hands trembled; his legs shook; his breath came in short, wheezy gasps. Then a sudden reaction made him tense and alert. He no longer trembled. Out of the past he summoned some of the strength and courage that had made him the terror of mutinous crews and gave him a reputation in the South Seas that could enforce discipline and obedience with a smile and nod.

With a little growl, he launched himself thru the air and landed on Chic Dobey's back, his arms locking themselves around the hairy neck, sinking deeper and deeper, until the head was drawn back and the chin thrust upward. Slowly and steadily the arms that had shrunk to half their former proportions tightened their hold until Chic's breath began to come in hard, bellow-like wheezes. His own hands finally released their hold on Jane and began a battle in self-defense.

But Roger had been prepared for that. All the old cunning of the past came back to him. He wound his legs around the other's waist, clinging to him like a vine, and with this as a leverage he began slowly pressing his head into Chic's spine at the base of the neck. He drew his arms tighter and tighter in a stranglehold that could not be broken.

The blows that had been raining indiscriminately upon Roger's head and back grew weaker, and then, in final desperation, Chic sought to grasp the other's hands and pull them apart, but by that time his strength was to far gone. He dropped heavily to his knees and then rolled over on his back, hoping to crush Roger, but only succeeded in scarring his own face and shins. Roger, with the quickness of a wild cat, softened each fall and lunge by shifting his body so that the other took the hard impact of the deck. Like the other struggle it was almost noiseless save for the heavy breathing of the two combatants.

Jane, once released from Chic's embrace, struggled to her feet, and, with startled eyes, watched the fight. Her hands encircled her own throat, as if to make sure it hadn't been ruptured, and then, as one in a trance, she stared in silence at the rolling, twisting forms.

Slowly under the terrific pressure of the relentless arms drawing his head backward, Chic Doby's strength waned. His struggles became spasmodic and impetuous rather than steady and continuous. Then they began to cease at intervals, lasting longer each time, until finally the body grew limp and motionless. His muscular resistance collapsed, and with a sigh he dropped back unconscious.

But Roger's relentless constriction continued. With his head buried against his enemy's spine, he could see nothing. He was oblivious to everything except the joy and lust of battle. He had his opponent at his mercy, and he didn't purpose to relinquish his advantage.

"Roger!" a small voice whispered in his ear.

It was as tho it came in a dream; he merely smiled and increased his hug.

"Roger!" it came again, a little more insistently. "You're killing him!"

He looked up and nodded. It was Jane speaking. It wasn't a dream after all.

"Yes," he murmured. "I'm going to kill him. He was killing you."

"No, no, please don't," she pleaded in a catchy voice. "Let him up—please, for my sake!"

"For your sake?" he murmured in a baffled voice. He hesitated and then added: "I thought you wanted me to kill him—to—to save your father the job." He grinned, relaxing his hold. "You wouldn't be a murderer's daughter then, Jane," he continued. "Better let me finish him."

"No!" she said authoritatively. "I don't want the crime of murder on your hands, either. Let him up."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THAT silent but deadly struggle with Chic Doby, Roger had tapped hidden sources of strength that surprised him as much as it did his antagonist or Jane. Powers of mind and body that had been deadened by the use of cocaine were summoned out of his subconscious self and made to obey his will. It was a compulsory exercise of the will under extreme circumstances, and the unexpected response of nerves and muscles gave him a fierce joy.

He had sprung at Chic in blind, unreasoning rage; first, because in his morbidness he attributed all his sufferings to the man, and was eager for revenge; second, thru a dormant sense of chivalry, he knew that he had to go to Jane's assistance, no matter what the outcome. He was not at all sure but he would be pounded and half killed the moment his passion had expended itself, but he would wreak such vengeance as his impotent strength permitted while he had the advantage.

The moment his arms were locked around the other's neck, and the head was slowly forced back until the spine threatened to crack, Roger was imbued by a desire to kill. The lust of battle that had often inspired him to almost superhuman effort dominated every other emotion.

The joy of conquering gave him frenzied delight; the yielding of the other to his power awakened Berserker passions that thrilled and inspired him; a tornado of hate swept over him and engulfed everything in the deluge. It was the reaction from years of inert, spineless torpor.

For a time he was reincarnated: the old Roger Mason, strong, alert and master of himself, had come to life. Out of the past had been summoned the other self. Mind and muscles were beautifully coordinated, and the nerves that had twitched and twanged so wretchedly under the deadening influence of the drug grew calm and steady.

But the other inevitable reaction followed. The moment he relaxed his hold at Jane's bidding, and rose to his feet, the will to conquer that had upheld him cracked. He began trembling with weakness and exhaustion. His unstrung nerves reasserted themselves, playing

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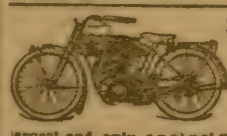

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havoc with his mind and body. He gazed down at the inert figure of his opponent as in a dream.

"Come away," Jane whispered, touching his arm.

He looked up as if conscious of her presence for the first time. The blind fury had passed; he hardly recognized her; his mind was confused and disordered.

"Why'd you stop me?" he growled, an echo of his recent passion returning for a moment.

"I didn't want you to be a murderer for my sake," she said gently. "Come!"

But Roger continued to stare at his victim. His mind was struggling to formulate something that had escaped him. He passed a trembling hand across his forehead. The action seemed to clarify things. He smiled craftily. He knew now one of the impelling motives that had made him attack Doby. It was because he was withholding from him the thing he craved.

Somewhere on his person Chic carried the cocaine Doc Melchior had given him. Chic wouldn't give it to him. Roger chuckled softly. Then if Doby wouldn't give it to him, he would take it. There was nothing to prevent. The precious stuff was within his grasp.

With a little grunt of joy he dropped down on his knees and began rifling Chic's pockets. Jane watched him a moment in surprise, puzzled by his actions. Finally she leaned over and asked:

"What are you doing?"

He made no reply, but continued his search. Suddenly a hand came in contact with a bottle. He clutched it and drew it forth. With a little exultant laugh, he held it up to the dim light, removed the cork, smelt of it, tasted its contents with the tip of his tongue, and then started to thrust it in a pocket. There was enough of the white crystals to last him for months.

Jane, watching his actions, suddenly came to her senses. A wave of horror swept over her. Her face went pale; and then set in rigid lines. Her lips curled in scorn.

"Then it was for this you fought him—and not for me!" she said, contemptuously.

Roger made no reply; he scarcely heard her; he was thinking of the pleasant dreams the stuff would give him. It mattered not now how long the sea voyage lasted. He would not have to suffer the torments of the damned until he reached land again.

Jane stretched forth a hand for the bottle. "Give it to me," she said firmly.

She made no effort to seize it; the volition was left to him. Roger wavered a moment, looking at her.

"Give it to me," she added, after a pause.

His hand holding the bottle moved erratically toward her, his mind temporarily hypnotized. Then he jerked it back frenziedly, clutched it with both hands, and growled:

"No, no! This is mine! I fought for it, and it's mine."

Rising unsteadily to his feet, he hesitated a second, and then with a gleeful laugh walked away, still clutching the bottle in his hand. Jane made no effort to stop him. She watched him disappear in the murky darkness, a look of pain in her eyes.

Roger had won fairly his surcease from pain, and under the exultation of his triumph he forgot everything but the need of relief. The struggle had been a terrific strain upon him, intensifying his appetite. The few days of abstenance, with the sea air blowing new strength into his sluggish blood, had imparted some hardness and elasticity to his muscles and body; but the combat had suddenly dissipated all his gain, and left him limp and spineless as before.

In the privacy of his berth, opening off the Captain's quarters, he slept off the effects of the dose he administered to himself. Unknown to him, Jane watched the entrance to see that no intruder entered. She owed that much to him for saving her life. Chic Doby should not take advantage of his helplessness to wreak vengeance.

CHIC after his recovery had gone forward, seeking for the time being the seclusion of the crews' quarters. Jane did not see him again. Either he was ashamed of his act in attacking her, or was silently nursing his wrath until a more favorable day.

Jane told her father just enough of the incident to present Roger in a favorable light. Captain Helding listened in silence, his dark, gloomy face showing neither resentment nor fear. When she was thru he nodded, and said:

"You must be more careful, daughter. Don't go forward again. Chic may be desperate."

"I'm not afraid of him now," she replied, exhibiting a small revolver. "I shall always carry this."

"Don't use it unless necessary," the Captain cautioned. "This ain't your quarrel. Leave Chic to me."

Jane mused silently for a few moments. Then, in a little, worried voice: "He'll try to settle with Roger, and I'm afraid of the result."

Captain Holden glanced at her thru the corners of his eyes. It was the first time he had heard her speak Roger's first name. It had come out unconsciously, and she seemed unaware of it.

"We can't add Mr. Mason's troubles to ours," was the slow reply.

She smiled up into his face. "Wouldn't you feel indebted to one who had saved your life?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, of course," he answered hastily. "We must be grateful, but——"

He stopped and gazed seaward as if seeking a solution of his troubles in the distance.

Roger, recovering from his stupor, sat up in his berth and gazed dreamily around him. The effect of the poison clouded his mind so that for a long time he could not recall past events. He struggled ineffectually for a time against the mental darkness that blotted out the past and then gradually he began piecing together the different things that had led up to his present plight.

He grinned happily as he recalled his struggle with Chic, chuckling softly to himself. In a moment of passion he could break him in two and throw the parts overboard—and won the victory! True, he had taken Chic unawares, and had the advantage from the start, but he had held on tenaciously until the big man had succumbed and fell to the deck unconscious.

Roger raised his arms above his head, and gazed at them. They were pitifully weak and flabby compared with the arms that had once been his, but they had not failed him. In spite of their years of inaction, they had responded like old times in his hour of need.

He chuckled again and wagged his head. "The next time I'll break Chic's neck," he boasted. "He'd better be careful."

His mind then picked up the remaining threads of the event. He saw Chic lying prone on the deck, helpless and unconscious, with Jane leading over him. Her eyes were gleaming with admiration and relief—not for Chic, but for him, Roger Newcomb Mason, the dope fiend, the human derelict. A faint smudge of color dyed his cheeks. Jane had admired his courage and prowess.

Then the unpleasant feature of the struggle impinged itself upon his mind, wiping the smile from his face. He saw himself, a raving maniac, rifling Chic's pockets for the cocaine. He saw himself clutching the bottle and holding it up, gazing at with eyes of greed.

Then slowly the eyes of Jane were focused upon him—eyes filled with horror and disgust. Her lips opened, and the accusing words came from them: "Then it was for this you fought him—and not for me!"

Roger sat up more erect. Resentfully, he sputtered aloud: "It's a lie, Jane! you know it is. I fought him for you——"

HE DROPPED back and frowned. Was he sure that it was to save her life he had attacked Chic, and fought so nobly? Hadn't there been all the time back in his head the desire to steal the cocaine from Chic? Without this impelling motive would he have dared to risk his life for Jane?

He lay very quiet, weak and discouraged. His mind seemed to be going around and around in endless circles. One moment he was Roger Newcomb Mason, young, dapper and fearless, afraid of no man, and master of himself and the world; the next he was a cringing, fawning dope maniac, begging and whining for one more dose of his poison.

The sensation made him dizzy when he closed his eyes, and out of sheer desperation he sat up again and stared around his narrow quarters. His eyes came to a focus upon the bottle lying at the foot of the cot where he had dropped it when he fell asleep.

How careless of him. Any one entering the room could have stolen it from him—Chic, for instance, or Jane. Would Jane rob him of his elixir of life? He picked the bottle up and stowed it away in his clothes. It was too precious to leave lying around for any one to see. He had to guard it carefully until the end of the trip. His happiness—his very life—depended upon that bottle.

He fumbled in his clothes and took it out again, holding it up to gaze at the white crystal powder showing thru the glass. A curious sensation came to him, that, as a slave to the drug, he was a creature without will or mind, a mere animal without soul or reason. He could no more drag himself from its influence than a person hypnotized could break the subtle power that paralyzed the will.

Suddenly an unreasoning exasperation seized him. "D—n it!" he cried, flinging the bottle on the bed with such force that had it been the floor the glass would have been smashed.

He jumped from the cot, weak and trembling. Ignoring the bottle, he drew on his coat, and started for the companionway. Half way up it he stopped and whirled around. Re-entering his narrow quarters, he seized the bottle again, leered craftily at it, and muttered:

"You got me, you think! Well, d—n you, maybe you have! But I'll break you—break you as I'd break Chic Dobey's neck if he touches me again! I'll show you! I'll show Chic! I'll show everybody!"

Half frenzied by the new mood that possessed him, he rushed on deck. At the rail he paused a moment, holding the

(Continued on Page 19.)

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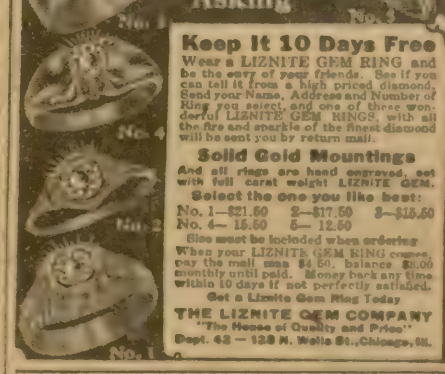

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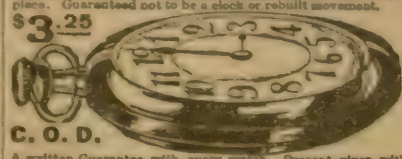

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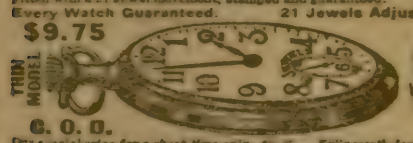

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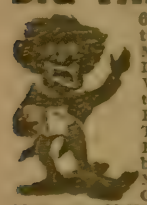

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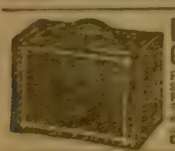

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Wanted Wits.

(Continued From Page 6.)

who operates the building, sir."

And about that time a big blue-coated guy shoulders in and grabs Flushing by the collar and says to me, with unfeeling malevolents:

"You can talk about your reward later, see? This son of a Carrie Nation can come with me."

And out he yanks Flushing before I even have time to have a consultation with him. The law is certainly unreasonable in New York. I never will forget that egg-sucking hound-dog look on Flushing's patricidal facial countenance as he was jerked away from me.

I made the fool custodian call up DeForest's office right away, and he trembled out something to me about Mr. DeForest being out on the golf course playing golf, and couldn't see me until the next morning at 10 o'clock, and not then if he didn't feel like it.

So there was nothing for me to do but look up the precinct jail where my unfortunate buddy was registered for the night. They had Flush buried deeper in the calaboose than I thought they ought to put a fellow who was just arrested for simple tampering. They told me I could get him out on $500 bond, and if I couldn't get bondsmen for him what did I want there, anyway? I had to argue a lot with the sergeant before they'd let me see him, but I told them I was sorry I had to persecute a nice-appearing fellow and I thought he might be sick and would like to see me.

"You're a h—l of a lot of help," Flushing hands me thru the steel lattice work effect, like he was peeved.

"Me?" I asks, with an injured infection in my voice. "What have I done, boy? Wasn't it your scheme?"

"Yes, but you ought to got the reward right away, so I could appear at night court, plead guilty, and have you pay my fine. Don't you know anything about law and such, you big Kansas jass-ack?"

It was with Herculean difficulty that I restrained from losing my temper, for I don't like to hear anybody refer to my family tree with such hinting insinuations.

"Now, listen," argues, in a kind voice, because I knows he probably is sensitive about being in jail, "I don't like to hear you talk about pleading guilty. Tell the judge kind of sorry-like that you done it, but don't plead guilty."

He calls me something else that sounded more insulting than what he had already—said I was an Igorro-tea, or something like that—and urges me with some plain cuss words to go out and get some undoubtable evidence that he done it, and scare up the boss of the Furrell Building, and get the reward right away after the judge says, "I fine you ten dollars, please."

He can't say that I didn't take him at his word, for I got up the nerve to call up Mr. DeForest's family renting departments out on Riverside Pike, and tell him I had the foulest fire apparatus destroyer that ever disgraced the arson union.

"He's a bad egg," I confides to Mr. DeForest, "and I've already got him in custardy." (I think it was awful clever of me being witty like that, right over the telephone.) "And if you'll call up your custodian you'll believe what I say."

I tells him I'll wait at the precinct station for him, and pretty soon, sure enough, up he rolls in his super-twelve, with friend custodian.

"Well," he snaps at me, like he was the information man at the Pennsylvania station, "what the h—l you want me to do?"

"Me?" answers proudly, like a Lamkin always does when addressed that-away, "I want you to help me persecute a terrible feline that I caught in the act of committing his feliny."

And then the custodian throws in some extra remarks, reinforced by some concrete expressions from yours regretfully, and Mr. DeForest lights another cigarette and agrees to attend night court.

"That reward is offered only for arrest and conviction," he reminds me. "When he's found guilty you'll get the money."

Well, it was the mockest trial I ever bore a witness to. Poor Flush didn't have to plead at all to get a conviction. In the midst of his remarks to the court, some of which is a little too sassy and humorous, maybe, the judge interlopes and says:

"Yeah, shut up! I've heard that explanation before. Ten days in jail! Next case?"

Well, that was the final insult to the camel's vertebral backbone, me and Flush being the camel. The idea of us never thinking of him getting days and not dollars!

I shall never forget the look of conflagration on Flushing's face as the policeman gentle but firmly slams him back in jail. He gave me a dying calf expression that would have made Leonard O. De Vichy want to hire him for a model.

"All right," Mr. DeForest barks in my ear, "that's a conviction, I guess." And he writes out a check to me for $100.

I did this much for Flush, anyway—I waited till after court and asked the judge couldn't I buy him out of jail, and the judge tipped me off to the fact that Flush had been in contempt of court, as well as being guilty of tampering, and no money could buy him out.

So I went to see Flushing again in his cell, and he looked like he was disgusted.

"Ain't you got any wits at all?" he demands, very scornful. "Why didn't you tell DeForest it was all a frame-up, and give him back his reward, so I'd get out of this?"

Now, ain't that just like a college guy? After I'd been to all that trouble getting DeForest down to get him convicted, he blames me. Ingratitude always did hurt me.

"All right," he grumbles, after I scorched him back, sort of. "Find a lawyer and get me out of this d—n place."

The next morning I started out early if not bright, to get a lawyer, and who do you guess had to butt in this time? I certainly did get exasperated.

The hotel clerk sort of dallies around a little more polite than usual before handing me a note that's in my box, and he says:

"I beg your pardon—er—Mr. Lamkin, but didn't you neglect to—er—pay for the room?"

It was so sudden that I couldn't think quick, like Flushing might have done, so mumbles some apology about that forgetful partner of mine, and pays the cashier $64 out of that hundred-dollar check, paying him for an extra day, even. I still had $71 left, but it made me frightful uneasy to see money melt away like that.

I had breakfast with several degrees of fever, it seems like, and then I looked thru the classified telephone book and found a forty-page section devoted to lawyers. I passed up all the swell-sounding firms like Stoppenheim, O'Connor & Olsen, and picked one with a single-bore name, viz.: Mike Coffran. His office wasn't very far away, and I went right to it.

He listens to my recital without tears and observes, very simple:

"I shall be very glad to take steps on behalf of your friend, Mr. Lamkin, but I shall have to ask a small retainer of one hundred dollars."

"A small what?" I comes back at him, thunderstruck.

"That is to say, fee," he explains. "Your friend's position is a very serious one. Perhaps I shall even have to exert some—er—political influence, to get him out."

It affected me something like wood alcohol, and I staggered out to find another lawyer who would take cheaper steps.

The next one wouldn't even hear my story without I. o. b. encouragement in advance, and the third one I went to said he couldn't consider such a case for less than $150. Then I began to understand how it was Lawyer Simpson, out home, made enough money to buy a buzz wagon and run for Congress almost at the same time.

I fetched up after a while back at Flushing's compulsory room without bath, and explained to him the painful details about me having only seventy-some-odd dollars, and only a hundred could get him out. He'd had plenty time to polish up his wits, however, and he let on sort of sarcastic that he knew I couldn't get a cootie out of jail even if it was plastered to me. I'll have to admit that Flush has got a sense of humor.

"ALL right," he summarizes up, very brisk, like a sugar dealer figuring up his excess profits. "We've got to use our—that is, my wits and figure out a way to make some more money. You know it can be done, don't you?"

"Sure," I says, lying to ease his pain.

"You've got to capitalize the investment you made at the hotel when you paid that bill. Did you check out, and go to a cheaper place?"

"No," I admits, ashamed of myself for being so dull. "You see, I was in such a——"

"Fine," he bubbles. "For once in your metaphoric career you have exhibited a suspicion of intelligents. At the Hotel Seltzer-Bourbonia there is a theater ticket agency for the convenience of guests only. When all the tickets to the big shows are sold out everywhere else, you can get 'em at the hotel long as you're a guest, see? Invest some of your good credit in tickets to 'The Crimson Lullaby,' or some girl-and-shimmy show, and you can stand outside the theater and sell 'em for twice as much, easy. That's the way to make money in New York. They'll charge 'em to your room, and you can pay for 'em out of the profits after you've got me out of this."

Well, I had read about these adven-

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turers that live on other people's lack of curriculum, but I had to hand it to Flushing for being the smartest fellow I knew, in or out of jail.

They didn't even suspicion anything when I called downstairs from the hotel room that I wanted two tickets to "The Crimson Lullaby," explaining that I had read the book out in Sunflower and Mort Martin told me to be sure and see the show. They sent 'em up right away, and it didn't cost me but ten cents to tip the boy with.

Then went around to the Thinhurst theater about 8 o'clock and waited with a gleeful look on my face while I saw them turning away prominent citizens who wanted tickets. Then I piped a fellow and his girl that seemed very disappointed, since they probably had come all the way from Birmingham, Ala., to see that opera, and I stepped up to him while his girl was listening.

"Say, stranger," I orates, "I got a pair of tickets that I bought from a speculator a while ago. They cost me ten dollars, but I'd be glad to let you have 'em, inasmuch as my wife is sick and can't go tonight, for the same price I paid for them."

There wasn't nothing for him to answer back, with his girl getting an ear full, so he takes me up right away and hands me an apology for bothering me, along with his $10.

I began to feel sorry I hadn't bought more of them. The next night I made up for my oversight, tho, and bought four tickets to "Look in the Looking Glass, Leona," which was advertised as one of those bored business baron shows, with a lot of girls that would be arrested in Sunflower for looking like they had been surprised in the bathroom by the plumber before they had quite finished dressing.

This time I sold out to a swell quartet in evening dress and with a chauffeur in uniform letting them out of a limousine, for $16. That made $11 I had cleared already, taking for granted I was going to pay the hotel bill next week, and boosted my roll up considerable. I was so pleased with my success that I ate $3.15 worth of supper.

Flushing seemed to be sort of gratified, too, next day when I reported to him, but he complained about me being slow. He figured out I ought to have $98.32, which with $12 he had coming to him, which was locked up in the sergeant's safe waiting for him to come out of jail, would have made enough to get him out.

"Ninety-eight thirty-two!" I exclaims, surprised at him for being so pickayunish counting my money that way. "I only got $93.85." Don't you think I have to eat?"

He didn't low-rate me for eating any more, and said he guessed one more night of the ticket stunt and I could get him out, so I felt encouraged next evening when I bought four tickets to "Step On It, Stephen." It was one of those bedroom dramas, having to do with a lady who was afraid of an ancestral mouse that had been handed down thru the degenerations, and her friend Stephen, who stayed all night under the bed so he could assassinate the pesky varmint.

I SOLD those tickets right away for $25, just as a big crowd was going away disappointed, and then, just as I was thinking I could get Flushing out of jail right away now—blooey! Somebody drops a ninety-pound ham on my left shoulder and twists me around like I might have been selling bottled-in-barn liquor.

"You're pinched," he growls at me, and I realizes all of a sudden, with a faint feeling in the epiglottis, that he is a policeman.

"What for?" I wants to know, in innocent indignation.

"Come along, kid," he grunts at me thru his teeth. "You can't pull that speculatin' game around here and get away with it."

And the first thing I knew, without being able to explain anything, I was occupying the same suite in the same lock-up with Flushing.

We was able to discourse with each other thru the bars, which was considerable modern convenience, because I felt like I needed the Flushing intellect more than ever now to guide me out of the slew of despair.

"Plead guilty," he whispers to me thru the bars. "Tell the judge you thought speculation meant having a seat down in the stock yards on Wall street."

So I pleaded guilty right off, the next morning in court, and the judge didn't even seem to remember that I had been before him already as a witness. He couldn't have said what he said with more lack of friendliness. What he said was:

"Fifty dollars or one hundred days."

That was sufficient clear to me, and I chose the fifty dollars, and I paid up without trying to argue with him. Even at that I made a profit.

"You lucky stiff," Flushing grumbles at me when I tell him about the details. "Why in deminition didn't he give you some days?"

"That ain't the question," I retorts. "The interrogatory before the house of Flushing & Lamkin is, how in the name of Jesse James am I going to get the rest of that hundred dollars?"

He thinks for a long time in a brown study, and then after a while he comes out of it.

"Over at Sheepshead is a race track," he mutters, like Sherlock Holmes trying to decipher the mystery of the man with the Scotch and soda breath. "The race track is a peculiar inviting field for the ingenuous person. I have read of unfortunates who, having no visible source of income, advise five or six sporting persons—confidential and separate, of course—that five or six horses, respectfully, are going to win. Having thus canvassed the field, he goes to one of the five or six, after the race, and says, 'Oh, I'm so glad your horse won'. And the happy winner gives him a percentage. I believe—can it be that I am mistaken?—that such a person is vulgarly known as a 'tout'. Well, that's what you got to be, Jerry—a tout."

Then he gives me some more instructions, and starts out to Sheepshead knowing about as much about horse-racing as a Mississippi catfish knows about the Stature of Liberty.

I tried it for several days and couldn't seem to connect with the sympathy circuit in the betting ring. I had all my roll changed into ones, according to instructions, and circulated around the ring for the first two races, looking like a little tin Rockefeller. Then, when the big event, the third race, came along, I hid it all away except a couple of singles, and proceeded to do my touting.

It wasn't so very long before I felt like I was in pretty good practice, and had a hunch things were coming my way. I boosted Spanish Mosquito, Lady Claire, Thunderbolt, White Lightning and Elusive to five different chaps that seemed to have an overplus of coin, and they all looked at me knowing-like, as if to say I might pull that old stuff out West, but at Sheepshead?—nix.

Anyway, when White Lightning came in winner by a snort and a half, I sidled up to the fellow I had touted her to, and sort of carelessly shows him my sickly roll of two one-dollar bills.

"Well," I observes, interested thou mournful, "I'm glad you had such luck, old man. I had a hunch White Lightning would romp away it, and I had the inside info on it, too. But I didn't have carfare to bet on it—ever hear of such rotten luck? Lost every red on the second race. Glad you won, anyway, sir."

The man with the White Lightning incomes glances at me sort of superficial and starts away, and then he reconsiders.

"Well, I'll admit I took your tip," he says. "I'm no piker. Here's a little percentage for you."

And off he whips a pair of fifties, just like they'd been cigarette papers.

There I was, all of a sudden, speechless, with a wad that seemed like it was big enough to stop the mouth of a volcano. I looked around to see if there was a policeman to grab me, but there wasn't any in sight this time. I certainly did have respect for Seymour Flushing then. It was all his brains that done it.

I didn't have but one more aim in life, and that was to get Flush out of the vile durance they had him locked up in.

I beat it back to town and fetched up without time to catch a good breath at the office of my lawyer friend, Mike Coffran. I didn't want to tell Flush in advance that I was going to get him

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NOTICE! Do not answer this advertisement unless really sincere in your desire to enter the movies.

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To some one who answers this advertisement promptly we will give, absolutely Free, freight and war tax prepaid, a 1921 model, 5-passenger Touring Car. A brand new car with electric self-starter and lighting system. Would you like to have it?

Solve Puzzle and Get Free Surprise Present

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are giving away. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Try it. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (x), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., and a beautiful Free Surprise Present will be sent you.

We will also send you a Certificate good for 2,000 Extra Free Votes and tell you all about this splendid car which we are going to give away Free.

Men, Women, Boys and Girls

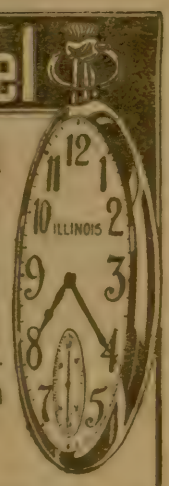
You can also win, in addition to the Automobile, Bicycles, Watches, Silverware, Rings, Moving Picture Machines, and other things you will like, free and without Contest. There is no other Contest like this.

Be Quick! You Can't Lose!

All you need to do to get in line for this Auto and other wonderful prizes is to write us promptly, enclosing four cents in stamps with your answer for packing, mailing, etc., of your Free Surprise Present.

AUTO CONTEST, Dept. 20
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
500 North Dearborn Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

19 Jewel



Adjusted
—To Positions
—To Temperature
—To Isochronism

$3.00 —A— Month

—16 Size Thin Model
—25 Year Gold Case
—Double Roller
—Solid Gold Settings

Send No Money!
Ask For It On Approval

You don't risk a cent. If you send your name and address now (postal will do), we will place this superb 19 Jewel in your own hands for free examination. You will then know that it is the kind of a Watch you want—a real Watch of Railroad quality. Now is the time to own one at our Special low price and easy terms, and to prove all we say, we will send it on

30 Days Free Trial

You take absolutely no chances. Our Special Price is rock-bottom. We guarantee to refund your money if you can beat it for spot cash. Our 20 years experience and large volume of business enables us to make this remarkable offer to wage earners everywhere and throw in our easy terms for good measure. But this Special Offer will not last always. The price may go up. The factory guarantees it will not go down. So write today for our

FREE Catalog and full information on this Big Special Offer. Remember, we sell all kinds of Watches and Diamonds on easy payments but if you want this superb 19 Jewel at this month's bargain price, act now.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Dept. 1[illegible] KANSAS CITY, MO.
We Do As We Advertise

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1696. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Oh Boys, Girls!
Great Sport with
CLAXOPHONE
Voice Thrower

Throw your voice under the table, back of a door, into a trunk, desk in School, any old place. Big FUN fooling Peddlers, Policeman, Friends, anybody. This Claxophone is a small device that lays on your tongue unseen, always ready for use by anyone. Claxophone with full instructions, also Set of Secret Writing Tricks, all sent for 10c Trade Mark Regd. one dime. (No Stamps)

CLAXO TRICK CO.,
Dept. Y, New Haven, Conn.

LUCKY HORSESHOE RING ON 7 DAYS TRIAL

Believed by many to be a Charm of Good Luck. The Horseshoe Top is Solid Gold and the Nail Solid Silver, set with Genuine Garnet. It is odd, unique, attractive, admired by everybody. Send your name, address and ring measure (strip of paper around finger.) When you receive Ring, pay $4.95. Wear it seven days and follow the seven golden rules which come with Ring. All your money back if not entirely satisfied.

KOSMOS CO., Dept. M, 828 North Clark Str., Chicago

PHONOGRAPH AND RECORD FREE

Boys and Girls! This wonderful New Model Talking Machine, hand driven, decorated metal case, any home record, is yours. A real talking Machine with best grade reproducer. Plays loud and clear all size disc records up to 12 inches. Given for selling only 40 large colored Pictures at 25 cents each. Send name and address and we will send the pictures postpaid. When sold send us the money and we will send you the Phonograph and Record at once. Order your choice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 245, CHICAGO

ASTHMA RECIPE

I will gladly send FREE to any sufferer a simple HERB RECIPE for Asthma and Bronchitis. Most stubborn cases quickly relieved.

A. O. Meier, Box 655, Dept. B, Milwaukee, Wis.

out, because I wanted to surprise him. I hadn't seen the poor boy in two days, either, which was some self-control I had.

Coffran grabbed his hat when I shoved him the two fifties, and he did some rapid-fire telephoning to some fellows he called Tim and Joe and Pat.

Then we taxicabbed right off to the precinct jail where Flushing was.

The wires had worked a magician stunt, all right, for the sergeant smiled at us like we might have been Ty Cobb and Mayor Hylan.

"Walk right up, gentlemen," he says, "and we'll release Mr. Flushing."

Coffran went off right away, probably wanting to leave me and Flush to have an old-fashioned love feast like they wind up the camp meetings with at Sunflower.

I grabs Flush around the neck and pretty near chokes him with ecstatics. But he manages to gasp an insult even then.

"Say, you damfool!" he hisses. "Did you get a hundred dollars and give it to that lawyer?"

"Yep," I chirps, not being able to keep from feeling proud about the way I done it. "I knew I'd get you out, sooner or later."

"Great teething tomcats!" he yowls at me. "Of all the boneheaded mud-turtles. Where you been all this time? I'd have got out tomorrow for nothing. I been in this d—n place nine days!"

The Information Bureau

(Continued From Page 2)

Should have come at 7,
But her father went to Heaven.

She is a weary salesgirl;
She is also very glum;
She feels beneath the counter—
Great Heavings, there is no gum!

Heavings! Oh, Mag! Oh, Maud!
Some of youse come early
And has beat me to my wad!
I may be but a wolking goil,
But wolking goils has rights;
An' to preserve dat gum
I kep' it here o' nights.
No goil ain't no lady
Fer a crook she has becum
Who'd steal from any loidy
Her on'y wad o' gum!

Curtain

Dear Editor of the Ledger:
What distinguishes the seven ages of woman? AMINIDABH PITT.

Dear Spluff-pluff-sputter Pitt:
The seven ages of woman are distinguished as follows:

First age...she loves for the first time
Second age..she loves for the first time
Third age...she loves for the first time
Fourth age..she loves for the first time
Fifth age....she loves for the first time
Sixth age...she loves for the first time
Seventh age..she loves for the first time

* * *

Dear Editor of the Ledger:
Lemuel O. Silvertongue of our district has been re-elected to Congress for the eleventh time running. How does he do it? LIGE.

Dear Lige:
We put your query to Henry Eye, our political editor down the hall, who has made a special investigation of the case of Congressman Silvertongue. Henry Eye reports that this is the way Cong. Silvertongue does it:

Upon kissing the babies of all his feminine constituents he invariably remarks: "But, of course, it would be a remarkable baby with such a mother!"

Half of his congressional speeches, as printed by permission in the Congressional Record and franked to the women of the district, are fashion articles lifted bodily from metropolitan newspapers.

He spends days conversing with the aged ailing women of his district about symptoms, funerals and mankind's generally sad state of depravity.

He donates poker chips to the Ladies' Shakespeare Club of his home town, thereby making them feel thrilling and exactly devilish.

He makes his wife keep a card index of all the new hats worn by the women voters and then goes out of his way to remark to the wearers: "What a charming hat you're wearing Mrs. So-and-So."

Every time a newspaper photographer snaps him he always manages to have his arm around the shoulder of some child at whom he gazes paternally.

Whenever he is called upon to address a woman's club back home he always devotes three-fourths or four-fifths of his speech to a comparison of the home town folks in the matter of looks, dress and intelligence with the women of Washington and New York to the great discredit of the later.

In his electioneering speeches he always speaks at length on The Bright New Era Dawning for the Groaning World Now That Woman Stand Shoulder to Shoulder With Her Partner, Man, at the Helm of the Good Old Ship of State.

He NEVER talks politics to the women voters.

Dear Editor:
I have been struggling thru Polti's "36 Dramatic Situations," but haven't been able to make head nor tail of it. What is a dramatic situation? Can you give me an example of one?
E. JUNIPER BERRY.

Dear Juniper:
Long ago we bought a copy of Polti thinking that we'd find a regular little plot catalog and that we'd never have to think again to construct a play or a story. But after we opened it we changed our mind. We don't know any more what it's all about than you do. But, generally speaking, a dramatic situation is one that is fraught with tension, suspense; one that holds the audience tight in its chairs. Here's an example of one:

THE NEAR DISASTER.

The musical Comedy.
The thirty chorus girls.
The bedroom scene.
The thirty soiled costumes for this act.
The decision to send them to the cleaners.
The sending of them early next morning.
The promise to have them done for the evening performance.
The evening performance.
The time for the donning of the costumes.
The failure of the costumes to show up.
The frantic telephone calls.
The assurance that they have been sent.
The holding of the curtain.
The hysteria of manager and performer.
The shivering chorus waiting for its costumes.
The minutes that seem like hours.
The knock upon the stage door.
The anxiously looked-for messenger boy.
The rush upon him for the costumes.
The thirty pairs of outstretched arms.
The unruffled attitude of the boy.
The explanation:
"I got lost, but don't worry, I got
All thirty of them costumes
In my vest pocket."

Dear Editor:
How can one classify womankind?
PINK.

Dear Red:
Womankind is made up of:
Those who are being attired by their husbands, and those who are being tired by their husbands.
Those who cannot make up their minds and those who cannot make up their faces.
Those who have numerous motors and those who have an equal number of mere motes.
Those who take infinite pains and those who give infinite pains.
Those who stop at the slightest excuse and those who stop at nothing.

(Concluded on Page 19.)

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

* * *

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

A new booklet, written by Dr. E. E. Paddock, Box 5 P 201, Kansas City, Mo., tells of improved method of treating catarrhal inflammation of the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gall Stones, from which remarkable results are reported. Write for booklet and free trial plan.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

There Is No Death!
Life Is Eternal

Do not grieve over those who have departed. Life never ends—God's door is always open between earth life and eternal life, where those who love one another will be united forever.

Through God's own law the spirit of those who have passed through the portals of Death can communicate with those on earth. There are millions of persons right here in America who have the courage to believe that the life, the personality, the love which they knew in their dear ones, has not come to an end by death.

The Wm. T. Stead Memorial Center wishes to place before you its remarkable evidence—enabling you to decide for yourself that—*There is no death; there are no dead.* Send for our free booklet, COMMUNICATION, 32 pages. It will present to you our view of life, here and beyond the grave. It will help you to understand "God's World," our first book. Life will bring you much more happiness if you can register the right thoughts. God's World will aid you. We wish it were possible to place a copy of "God's World" in the hands of every living, breathing soul. Send now—fill out this Coupon.

THE STEAD CENTER
Dept. 18, Rand-McNally Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SEND NO MONEY—Mail Coupon NOW!

THE STEAD CENTER Date.....
Dept. 18, Rand-McNally Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free illustrated booklet, COMMUNICATION, and let me know all about "God's World," without obligation on my part. Yours truly,

Name.....

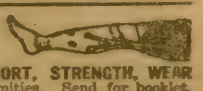
Address.....
WRITE NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS CLEARLY

ROGERS Tableware FREE
Handsome Berry Spoon, Meat Fork, Gravey Ladle

Three pieces of Rogers guaranteed full size, extra heavy Nickle Silver Tableware. Each individually GIVEN FREE for selling only 24 packages of Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Write today. Send no money.

BINGO CO., Dept. 51, Binghamton, N. Y.

FIBRE LEGS ARMS



LIGHT WEIGHT—MORE COMFORT, STRENGTH, WEAR
Orthopedic Braces for all deformities. Send for booklet.
Ray Trautman, 624 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: $8 a Day

Selling concentrated, non-alcoholic food flavors. Always fresh. Put up in collapsible tubes. Ten times the strength of bottled flavors. Guaranteed under U. S. pure food laws. All flavors. Sells in every home. Used every day. Not sold in stores. Big demand. Big repeater. 100% profit.

MEN OR WOMEN

can make big money. Hunt sold over $300 in one month. You will find this a big, easy seller and a sure repeater. Must satisfy customers or money back. Write for territory and sample outfit. Get a big line of customers. Get repeat orders every month and have a steady income. Write quick.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 2879 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

AGENTS: $60 a Week
taking orders for Kerogas Burner—fits any stove. Burns kerosene (coal oil), cheapest fuel known. Quickly lighted; turns off by valve.

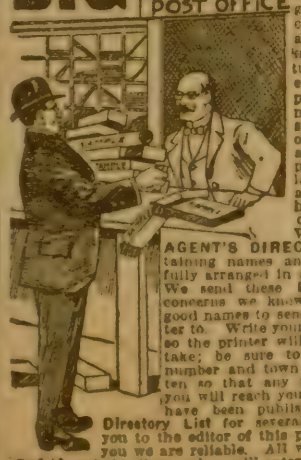
Clean
Odorless
No smoke

Easy to get orders on account of high price and scarcity of coal. Work spare time or full time. Write for sample.

Thomas Mfg. Co. 517 Dayton, Ohio

Sales Agents
wanted in every county to give all or spare time. Positions worth $750 to $1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!



Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

(Concluded From Page 18.)

Dear Ed:
How can I tell if a woman loves me?
HANK.

Oh, Hank? Such a question!

If a woman kisses you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman slaps you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman flatters you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman ridicules you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman says she loves you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman says she hates you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman pursues you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman is indifferent to you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman says she admires you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman says she does not admire you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman wants to see you constantly it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman has nothing to do with you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman flirts constantly with you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman does not flirt with you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman names her child after you it is a sign she loves you.

If a woman does not name her child after you it is a sign she loves you.

Respected Sir:
I have heard tell that the soil of Arkansaw is the richest in America. I am contemplating selling out my farm and going down there to till the soil. What do you think of the project?
CALEB CATT.

Dear Caleb:

We beg off from advising people to pull stakes and move. The last time we gave advice in the Ledger, we had to come down to work in a taxicab under an assumed name for a year. All we can do is to tell you of one of our own experiences down in the Arkansaw black lands—that famous soil, the products from which have won all the blue ribbons at State fairs in the South for twenty years. We were in an automobile when we met her, a typical old Southern negro "mammy."

As wide, almost, as a gasoline runabout, she waddled along, apparently in misery from excessive flesh, her enormous feet, bare, making great tracks in the soft earth, not unlike those of some prehistoric monster, long extinct.

"Auntie," our driver hailed, "I suppose you are proud of your feet, as they are evidently the largest to be seen in this section."

The old "mammy's" fat sides shook with merriment. "Cose I'se proud of 'em. It's dis good dirt what makes 'em grow so. Best land on yarth, sah. When a pusson wades around fo' a lifetime in sich stic, whi' folks, dere feet jest natchly grow, sah, like 'taters an' melons, sah. Now, honey, hab ye got any star navy—Lawd, yes! Bless my soul honey—cose you hab." The plug was forthcoming and she took a cavernous bite from it, smacking her great thick lips.

"Keep it, auntie," our driver said, "and by the way, auntie," he continued, as he sized her up, "you must have been sittin' down a little in that good dirt, too, haven't you?"

Dear Editor:
What is the difference between Romance and Realism?
AUGUST DUKNOT.

Dear August:

This we think will make it clear to you:

Romance—Kissing a lady in the dark.

Realism — Discovering she's your wife.

* * *

Another Hard Luck Story.

IT IS not good that a man should live without a woman in his heart. And on that particular spring day—one of blue and gold—I bore a strangely sorrowful heart because of my utter loneliness. I sat at my window and stared out without seeing anything.

There was no one in the house but the landlady, myself and the landlady's daughter—a beautiful, brief thing, whom I called the "Pongee Princess" by reason of her blonde hair, an acquisition precipitated thru a reckless use of peroxide.

She was calm, pretty and silent. The more I thought of her, the more she intrigued my fancy. I remembered she was downstairs at this very minute rearranging the pillows on the davenport that seemed to have spent a sleepless night. I thought to myself: "Ah! if she were only here by my side that she might pass her cool, white hands over my eyes, my depression would be lifted as if by magic."

I was interrupted by a timid knock on the door. I was startled for a moment. It was foolish to think that—and yet—

I called eagerly: "Come in."

It was the landlady with my wastepaper basket.

Off Half Moon Reefs

(Continued From Page 15)

bottle over his head as if to throw it in the water.

Captain Holding and Jane were standing near, watching him. Roger saw them. The violent passion that distorted his face suddenly gave way to a grin. He smiled, nodded, and approached them.

"Here, Jane," he said, "take the cursed stuff and throw it overboard! You have my permission. It's all I've got of it."

Watching him with serious eyes, she mechanically extended a hand. Roger dropped the bottle in it, smiling and nodding. Her fingers did not immediately close over it. The bottle lay in the palm so that he could recover it at any moment. Once he did make a move as if to change his mind, and then with a hollow laugh shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"You want me to destroy this, Roger?" she asked gently. He nodded without turning.

"You know what it will mean to you?" she added caressingly, as a mother speaking to a child.

"Yes," he snapped. "It will mean hell!"

Jane stood irresolute for a moment, mingled pity and weak indecision written on her face. Then the eyes cleared; the lips smiled.

"No," she said slowly, "I won't destroy it. I'll keep it, and Roger——if—if you need it—must have it—I will return it. You may have it any time you ask for it."

She placed the bottle in the bosom of her dress, smiling softly and tenderly at him. He made no answer, but a light of determination sprang into his eyes and made him almost boyish-looking.

Captain Holding broke the tension of the awkward silence that followed. Looking across the tossing waves, he remarked: "We'll have a blow before night, I reckon. The wind's shifting to a new quarter. If you can take a watch tonight, Mr. Mason, it will be a great help."

"Give me the dog-watch, Capt'n. I need something to clear the cobwebs out of my brain." He laughed jerkily, and walked to the rail.

"All right, Roger," nodded the captain, speaking in a fatherly voice, and addressing him by his first name. "I'll speak to Mr. Ames about it." Then, scanning the horizon again: "We're surely in for a blow, and will need all hands."

CHAPTER IX.

THE storm did not come that night, as Captain Holding predicted, altho a nasty squall blew out of the northwest and kicked up a choppy sea; but two days later, after considerable preliminary skirmishing, it broke suddenly and with extreme violence.

In the two days' interval Roger had an opportunity to test his new resolution—made on the spur of the moment and under great emotional duress—and incidentally to explore to the uttermost the lower regions of purgatory wherein lie all the super-refined systems of torture reserved for the sensitive and high-strung souls. After the exaltation of his dramatic renouncement came the inevitable fit of depression.

Under the stars, with Orion flaming high in the heavens, watching him with twinkling luminosity, he stood his first watch, gulping the strong sea air to steady his nerves, and moodily, expectantly, looking for something to happen. He was in a pugnacious temper—fretful, irascible, unreasonable.

The lurking fear that Chic would attempt to assault him, or Ben Ames to pick a quarrel, was balm and cheer to his soul. He took fierce joy in the thought that he could find easement for his twanging nerves by another battle with one of his enemies. So he paced out his watch with a chip on his shoulder, sullen and resentful that nothing happened.

The rest of the night was spent in fighting his insidious enemy. It was a frightful night; the worst Roger had ever endured. It left him weak and spent. In the morning he was dull and apathetic.

Jane served him hot coffee and tempting food after the captain had gone on deck. Roger swallowed the steaming drink, but pushed the food away from him. "Don't want it!" he said petulantly.

Jane removed it, without saying a word. She sat down, facing him across the narrow table. Her blue eyes fascinated and disturbed him: he was conscious of a new irritation.

"What're you looking at?" he broke out snappishly.

She made no immediate reply. She was considering an idea of diverting his mind by interesting him in something else. Finally she spoke gently, as if she hadn't heard his outbreak:

"Roger, do you know where we're bound?"

"No—yes!" he answered. "Chic Doby said something about—about Honduras and—and the Half Moon Reefs."

She nodded. "Honduras or Nicaragua," she replied, "it's all the same. The Half Moon Reefs are equally off both coasts."

"Don't I know that?" he interrupted irritably. "I've been there. I've been everywhere that ships sail—the South

How the Rapid Pace of Modern Life Saps the Strength of Men and Destroys the Beauty of Women

Physician Says That The Physical and Nervous Strain of Present-day Life is Producing An Alarming Increase In Iron Deficiency That Threatens The Health And Strength Of Modern People

Tells How Organic Iron Helps Build Red Blood and Thereby Increases the Strength of Weak, Nervous, Delicate People—Often in Two Weeks' Time

The rapid pace at which we live today is thinning out the iron in the blood of American men and women and making even comparatively young people look and feel old, says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (outdoor dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, in the following statement:—

"I have often been astonished at the large number of people who break down under the physical and nervous strain of present day life and who do not seem to suspect that the real cause of their weakened, nervous, delicate condition is simply iron deficiency.

"Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. It may also transform a beautiful, sweet tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. I have strongly emphasized the necessity of physicians making blood tests of their anaemic patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles without ever realizing the real and true cause of their trouble.

"Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through the body, something like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy, rosy-cheeked women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well known physicians, thousands of persons still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron— or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original package and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken so called iron preparations, generally made up of ordinary metallic iron, and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is recommended above, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Each tablet of genuine Nuxated Iron is stamped as follows N and the words Nuxated Iron are stamped into each bottle, so that the public may not be led into accepting inferior substitutes. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists in tablet form only.

Can You Tell How Old These Four People Are?
They are all the same age and the difference in their appearance is due to the condition of their blood. Two of these people are suffering from iron deficiency.
Can You Tell Which Two?
Forty years old—yet vigorous, healthy and beautiful because she has taken organic iron to safeguard her strength and preserve her beauty.
The cares of housework and motherhood have sapped the iron from her blood and broken down her strength at forty—just when she ought to be in the prime of life.
The same age as the first man—but he has kept his blood rich in iron and his body strong and vigorous.
Worn out at forty because his strength and vitality vanished as the iron in his blood thinned out.

NUXATED IRON

For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

Seas, the Pacific, the China Seas, the Caribbean—oh, everywhere!"

He could not fail to notice the expression of wonder and admiration in her eyes. She was the daughter of a coasting skipper, and hence a deep-water seaman was a novelty to her. He had always despised a coasting ship and crew.

"What you going to do there?" he added, grinning for the first time. "Expect to find a treasure ship on the reefs?"

"No," she replied, shaking her head, "but we expect to find our reward there."

His interest was immediately aroused, and his imagination lifted from his physical ills. "Lots of ships were wrecked there," he volunteered. "Plenty of 'em buried in the sands. Treasures enough if you could reach 'em. But you can't. The d—n shifting sands bury everything out of sight, lick up a ship like quicksand."

She was following him with intense interest, and under the encouragement of her eyes he went on: "Any thing can happen there. Regular death trap for those caught on the reef at high tide. A boatload of shipwrecked sailors got swallowed up once——"

"By the sand!" she gasped, interrupting him. "I didn't know the reefs were of quicksand."

"No, they ain't! I didn't say so. They landed at low tide. Took the reef for a beach or island. Didn't know any better. Camped there, and made themselves at home, and then——"

"What?" she whispered.

"The tide came up and drifted their boat away," he added, smiling sardonically, "and then swallowed up every mother's son of 'em. There were two fathoms of water over that reef at high tide."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, shuddering.

Roger grinned at the effect of his story. Then nodding, he added: "Now tell me what you expect to find on the Half Moon Reefs."

"A ship—a Nicaraguan steamer."

Roger stared at her a moment, and then laughed outright. "When was she wrecked?" he queried.

"She hasn't been wrecked. She isn't there yet. She's to meet us there, and take off—take off——"

"Your cargo of contraband?" he finished for her.

"Why do you say that?" she queried, frowning.

"Because—because—well, ain't you smuggling something down there?"

"You mean rifles and ammunition for the revolutionists?"

Roger nodded, glad that she had indicated the nature of the cargo without his help.

"What made you think we were engaged in smuggling?" she asked quietly after a pause.

"Chic Doby said so. That's why I came aboard—to keep you from sailing until he could get the revenues and raid the schooner."

She drew back at this frank confession, a light of doubt and suspicion in her eyes. "You came aboard to do that?" she breathed slowly. Then, brightening, she added: "How'd you expect to hold us—alone?"

Roger grinned with his old craftiness. "Easy enough," he nodded. "Cut a few ropes—slash the shrouds of the main sheet before you got out of the channel. Couldn't go far, then, could you? Most likely run aground, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she nodded, appalled by the revelation. "But you didn't do it. Why not?"

"Because—because—— Oh, h—l, I was a fool not to! No, I was an idiot for ever coming aboard! That's why I had it in for Chic."

She considered a long time in silence. Their eyes met in a battle of appraisement. She sighed finally, and continued: "I know we can trust you, Roger. I felt it at first, but didn't know. Now I know it."

"I don't see how," he growled, trying to hide his pleasure from her.

"It doesn't matter," she smiled back. Then, after a pause: "You don't seem interested in our plans. Maybe you will be when I tell you we're not engaged in smuggling, and that Chic Doby knows it. He made that up to use you for his purpose."

Roger scowled. "What'd he want, then? Wasn't he expecting any one that night?"

"Yes, but not revenue officers. They were—were desperate men—and they didn't want the Sky Pilot to sail—not until they had boarded her and taken off part of our cargo. Chic, I imagine, was promised a big reward if they succeeded. The hope of that reward, and his grudge against father, were responsible for his actions."

ENLIGHTENED by the girl's explanations, Roger grinned and nodded good-naturedly. "Then, finding his prize escaping, he jumped aboard to be near it?" he added.

"Yes, that's the troublesome part of it," she replied, frowning. "If he hadn't sneaked aboard all would have been well. His presence here is a constant menace to us. I'm not sure but he'd try to wreck the schooner rather than see father succeed in delivering his valuable cargo."

Roger had forgotten all his own troubles, and was regarding the girl with curiosity whetted to a fine edge. He was a bit anxious and impatient. "What is your cargo?" he blurted out abruptly.

"Mostly ordinary merchandise," she smiled. "Shoes, clothes, canned goods, cotton and sheeting. They're all down on our manifest. We cleared at Savannah in good order."

"And then sneaked into that lonely cove and took on some contraband?" he laughed, shrugging his shoulders.

"No—not contraband," she replied, frowning. "We're doing nothing illegal. The cargo we took aboard in the cove was—was Nicaraguan property, and in returning it to its rightful owners we're merely doing a friendly act to a friendly government."

"I don't understand," murmured Roger, competely puzzled.

"I don't suppose you do;; but I'm going to tell you. Then if you want to help—father and I will——"

"Go on! I'll help!" he interrupted "I've got to see it thru to the end. I'm no friend of Chic Doby's."

"I didn't think you were," she returned, smiling.

She paused for a long time, and then glancing into his eyes, asked: "Did you ever hear of General Manuel Micastro?"

He dipped into his memory in an effort to recall names, and finally shook his head. "Never heard of him. Who is he?—a friend of yours? Name sounds like a Spaniard or Mexican or South American."

"He's a Nicaraguan revolutionist," she informed him briefly. "The kind that stirs up trouble in a peaceful country to seize the government, and then, before he's ousted, robs the treasury, ships all the wealth he can lay hands on to a neutral land, and skips by the next steamer or train. If he can get away with it he can live in ease at the expense of his dupes."

"I've heard of his kind. Used to be quite common in the South American countries. Did General Micastro get away with it?"

"Yes," she nodded, "or nearly."

He waited impatiently for her to continue.

"He was successful in stirring up a revolution," she added, "attracting the ragtag of the people to him by promises of plenty of money. You know how those things are done sometimes. He was a politician as well as a general, and he got a certain element of the army behind him. His rise was sudden and spectacular. But it couldn't last; he knew that better than any one. But that wasn't troubling him. He was after loot."

"Sure! Most of them are," grinned Roger.

"General Micastro was worse than most of his kind. He hadn't a particle of love or patriotism for his country. It was purely selfishness. And he got what he wanted before the real friends of Nicaragua waked up."

"He looted the treasury?"

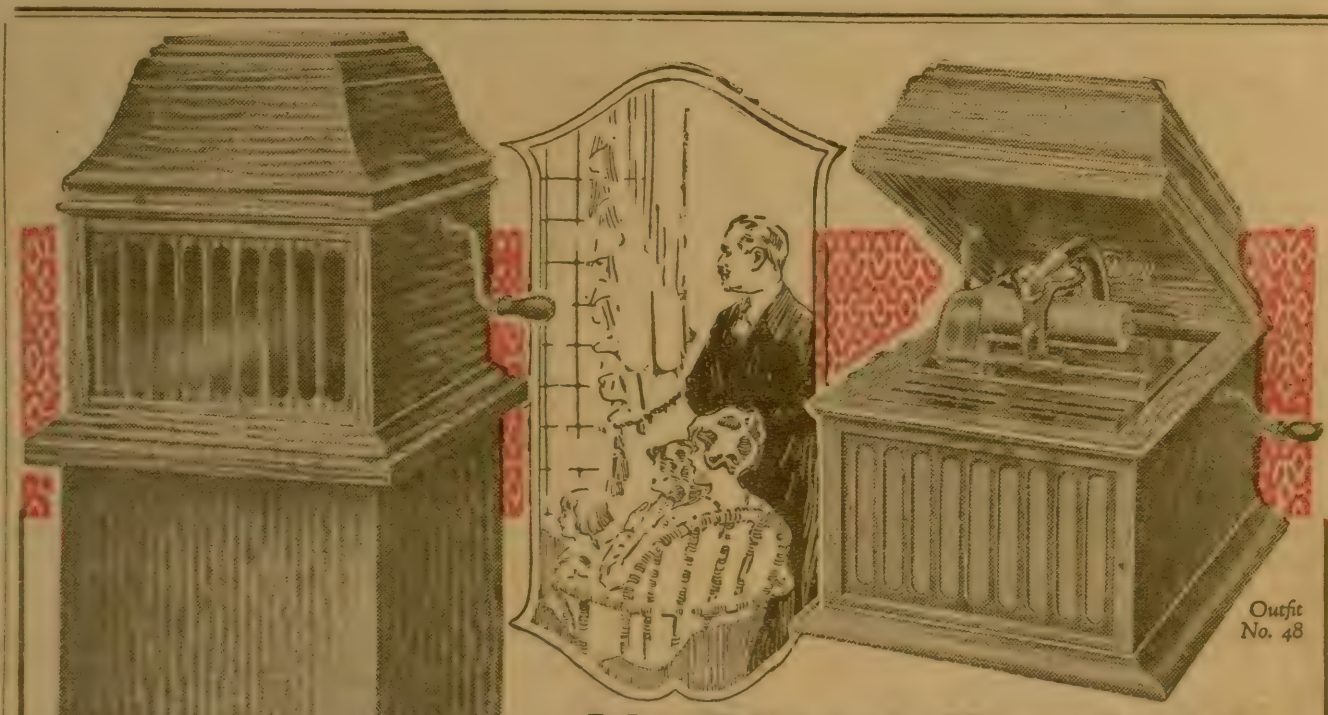
"Yes, he made a sudden coup and surrounded the capital. Then, without waiting for anything else, he gathered together all the public money and state papers and shipped them by special train out of the country. He intended to desert his followers and take the next train north. But his plans didn't work out quite as he expected. The government troops surrounded him, and he had to flee to a motorboat on the Pacific. He got away."

"Then he succeeded," said Roger. "If he escaped with his life, and his loot was shipped out of the country, he got what he was after."

"So it seemed for a time," replied Janes, "but again there was a miscarriage of his plans."

She smiled at his eagerness, and waited a few moments before continuing.

"You see," she added finally, "there were important state papers in his loot—secret documents that would prove



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very embarrassing to the Nicaraguan government if made public. General Micastro knew this, and he expected to use them to exact bribes of money from the government when he got to America. Oh, he could cause all sorts of diplomatic trouble with those papers! If he should give them to the press, for instance——"

"I understand," nodded Roger. "He'd raise a big rumpus north and south of the Rio Grande."

"Yes, and to avert that the government of Nicaragua took immediate steps to get them. They were traced thru Honduras, Guatemala and Mexico. When they arrived in the United States they were intercepted by agents of the Nicaraguan government. They simply disappeared from the train carrying them."

"And what happened to them then?"

Jane smiled quitly. "They were sent down to that cove and smuggled aboard the Sky Pilot," she replied. "Father was a friend of the Nicaraguan consul in New York, and the duty of returning them to their rightful owners was intrusted to him. The Sky Pilot was ready to clear with a cargo of merchandise for a South American port at that time. So it was easy for us to put into that lonely cove and take aboard the stolen goods."

"Why didn't they ship them back by train or steamer? It would be quicker and easier."

"For two reasons. One was Micastro's agents were watching all the train routes across Mexico. Also all the steamship routes. The government didn't want it to be known the papers had been stolen, either in this country or at home. They thought they could be returned on a private schooner without exciting suspicion. Besides, it was safer than by any other route."

"Didn't look so for a time," grinned Roger. "If Chic had held up the Sky Pilot——" He stopped, and asked: "How'd he know about them?"

"I'm not sure," replied Jane slowly. "It might have been that he really thought we were engaged in smuggling; but it looks now as if he was trying to hold the schooner for Micastro's agents. They may have got track of the papers and offered Chic a big reward to delay our sailing until they arrived. Anyway, he's been dogging father's steps ever since—even since that early trouble, and he may have found out something."

"You think he knows the money and papers are aboard?"

"Yes, he's been making inquiries among the crew, and snooping around."

"Who told you?"

"Ben Ames."

Roger scowled and looked displeased. He was recalling the blow from the mate's fist that had felled him the first day out.

"I can get almost anything out of Ben," Jane went on, smiling confidentially. "We've known each other for a good many years, and Ben——"

Roger shifted uneasily in his chair; turned away, and then faced around abruptly. "Ben's in love with you, ain't he?" he said.

Jane's face flushed in confusion at the blunt query. Roger gave her no time to reply. He rose quickly from his seat.

"I'll watch Chic," he said. "I'll keep an eye on him night and day, and if he begins any of his devilment he'll pay. If he stirs up any mutiny aboard, I'll——" He smiled cheerfully and shrugged his shoulders. "I've put down more'n one mutiny on shipboard," he boasted with a laugh. "I reckon I know how to handle 'em. Leave it to me. There'll be hell to pay if they start anything."

Looks like the trouble bubble is about to burst. Well, let it come; with our hero's manhood and strength fast returning, with one of the finest girls in the world to advise and cheer him, and a stalwart skipper who ought to prove equal to any kind of an emergency, affairs aboard the Sky Pilot may become extremely exciting, but it doesn't seem possible that villainy can triumph with such a formidable trio to overcome. The next installment should have thrills a-plenty. Don't miss it.

The Devil's Own

(Continued From Page 11)

dismount, generally glad enough of the change, and plod forward for some distance on foot. I posssed no knowledge then as to where we were, the man having deceived me so often I had long since lost all confidence in it as a guide, but now, in this later day, I can trace our progress with some degree of accuracy, and know that we passed that night in the valley of Bureau Creek, blindly groping our way forward toward a fate of which we little dreamed.

Nor did those weary hours of darkness bring to us the slightest warning. I do not recall feeling any special fear. In the first place, I was convinced that we must already be at the extreme limit of Black Hawk's radius, and that, traveling as we were eastward, must before morning be well beyond any possible danger of falling into the hands of his warriors. The other pursuers I had practically dismissed from thought. Not for twenty-four hours had we perceived the slightest signs of Kirby's presence in our rear, and my faith was strong that his party had either lost our trail, or been turned aside by fear of encountering Indians. In this respect Kennedy remained more pessimistic than I, yet even in his mind confidence began to dawn that we had outstripped our enemies, both white and red, and that a few miles more must bring us in safety to some pioneer settlement. The poor condition of our horses compelled us to rest frequently, and our own utter exhaustion led to our dropping asleep almost the moment we halted. We were without food, and in no mood to converse. Shortly after midnight my horse strained a tendon, and could no longer uphold my weight. On foot, with the poor beast limping painfully behind me, I pressed on beside Eloise, both of us silent, too utterly wearied with the strain for any attempt at speech.

The early dawn found us plodding along close beside the creek, a fair-sized stream, which meandered quietly thru a beautiful valley protected on either side by high bluffs, rising to the plateau of prairie beyond. The bluffs themselves were wooded, but the lower expanse was open, covered with luxuriant grass, and containing only an occasional tree, like some lone sentinel, diversifying the landscape with the darker coloring of its leaves. It was a delightful scene, a bit of wilderness beauty undefiled, appearing so peaceful and perfect in its outer aspect as to cause even our tired, jaded eyes to open in eager appreciation. I noticed Eloise straighten up in the saddle, her face brightening in the early light as she gazed enraptured at the varied shades of green decorating the nearby bluff, fading gradually into the delicate blue of the arching sky overhead. The clear water of the creek sparkled and rippled musically over a bed of yellow gravel, while the soft lush grass clothing each bank waved gracefully in the light wind, rising and falling like the waves of the sea. It was all primitive nature untouched, nor was there evidence anywhere within our vision, that this isolated valley in the midst of the prairie, had ever before been visited by man. No dim trail crossed our path; no appearance of life, human or animal, met our eyes; we forced our own passage onward, with nothing to guide us, feeling more and more deeply the dread loneliness and silence of this strangely desolate paradise.

The rising sun topped the summit of the bluff, its red rays seeming to bridge with spans of gossamer the little valley up which we toiled. I had lost my interest, and was walking doggedly on, with eyes bent upon the ground, when the girl beside me cried out suddenly, a new excitement in her voice:

"Oh, there is a sabin—see! Over yonler; just beyond that big oak, where the bluff turns."

Her eager face was aglow, her outstretched hand pointing eagerly.

The logs of which the little building had been constructed, still in their native bark, blended so perfectly with the drab hillside beyond, that for the moment none of us caught the distant outline. Tim possessed the keenest sight, and his voice was first to speak.

"Sure, Miss, thet's a cabin, all right," he said grimly. "One room, an' new built; likely 'nough sum settler just com' in yere. I don't see no movement, ner smoke."

"Fled to the nearest fort probably," I replied, able myself by this time to decipher the spot. "Be too risky to stay out here alone. We'll look it over; there might be food left behind, even if the people have gone."

WE MUST have been half an hour in covering the distance. There were a number of shallow gullies to cross, and a long, gently sloping hill to climb. The cabin stood well up above the stream, within the shade of the great oak, and we were confirmed, long before reaching it, of our former judgment that it was uninhabited. The door stood ajar, and the wooden shutter of the single window hung deject-

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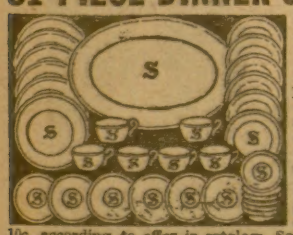

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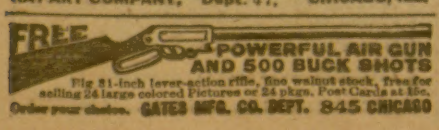

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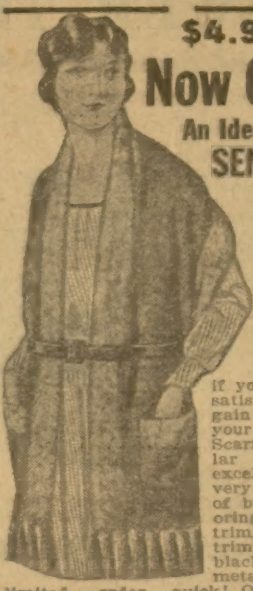

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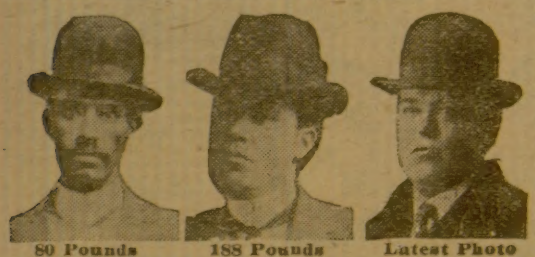
We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicycles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Everyone who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1919 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address

AUTO STEVENS, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 97. Chicago, Ill.



TUBERCULOSIS

It was when physicians said it was impossible for J. M. Miller, Ohio Druggist, to survive the ravages of Tuberculosis, he began experimenting on himself, and discovered the Home Treatment, known as ADDILINE. Anyone with coughs or influenza showing tubercular tendency or Tuberculosis, may use it under plain directions. Send your name and address to

ADDILINE, - 195 Arcade Building, - Columbus, Ohio

These Two Big Dolls

"Let Us Be Your Dolls"

GIVEN FREE!

How to Get Them FREE

If you want these Beautiful Dolls, drop us a note today. We will send you by return mail twelve beautiful pictures—copies of famous paintings. All you have to do is to distribute these among your friends and neighbors according to my plan and Jack and Jill will be sent you FREE AND POSTPAID. It will not cost you one cent of money.

Jack and Jill Are Ready For You

If you are a little girl you will want Jack and Jill for yourself. If you are a big girl or woman you will want them for some little friend of yours. These are real lovable dolls to play with and enjoy and will make a lovely Christmas gift for any little girl.

WRITE US TODAY!

DOLL DEPT. 17, W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, 500 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

egly by one hinge. No sign of life was visible about the place; it had the appearance of desertion, no smoke even curling from out the chimney. A faint trail, evidently little used, led down toward the creek, and we followed this as it wound around the base of the big tree. Then it was that the truth dawned suddenly upon us—there to our right lay a dead mule, harnessed for work, but with throat cut; while directly in front of the cabin door was a dog, an ugly, massive brute, his mouth open, prone on his back, with stiffened legs pointing to the sky. I dropped my rein, and strode forward.

"Wait where you are," I called back. "There have been savages here; let me see first what has happened inside."

The dog had been shot, stricken by two bullets, and I was obliged to drag his huge body to one side before I could press my way thru the door. The open doorway and window afforded ample light, and a single glance was sufficient to reveal most of the story. It was a well-built cabin, recently erected, with hip roof and puncheon floor, the inside of the logs peeled, and whitewashed. It had a homelike look, the few scattered articles of furniture rudely but skilfully made. A bit of chintz fluttered at the window, and a flower in a can bloomed on the sill. The table had been smashed as by the blow of an ax, and pewter dishes were everywhere. The bed in one corner had been stripped of its coverlets, many of them slashed by a knife, and the straw tick had been ripped open in a dozen places. Coals from the fireplace lay widespread, some of them having eaten deeply into the hard wood before they ceased smouldering.

I saw all this, yet my eyes rested upon something else. A man lay, bent double across an overturned bench, in a posture which hid his face from view. His body was there alone, altho a child's shoe lay on the floor, and a woman's linsey dress dangled from a hook against the wall. I crept forward, my heart pounding madly, until I could gain sight of his face. He was a big fellow, not more than 30, with sandy hair and beard, and a pugnacious jaw, coarse hickory shirt slashed into ribbons, a bullet wound in the center of his forehead, and one arm broken by a vicious blow. His calloused hands yet gripped the haft of an ax, just as he had died—fighting.

The sight of the man lying there in that posture of horror was so terrible that I instantly grasped the body, dragging it from off the overturned bench, and seeking to give it a resting place on the floor. But it was already stiffened in death, and I could only throw over it a blanket to hide the sight. Tim's voice spoke from the doorway:

"Injuns, I reckon?"

"Yes, they have been here; the man is dead. But there must have been others, a woman and child also—see that shoe on the floor, and the dress hanging over there. The poor devil fought hard."

Kennedy stepped inside, staring about him.

"I reckon likely he wus yere alone," he commented slowly, evidently thinking it out. "I figure like this—thet he'd heerd rumors o' Injuns bein' raidin' this way, an' hed sent his fam'ly back ter sum fort 'round yere, but decided fer ter take his own chances. Thar ain't no waggon round yere, an' no hosses, 'cept thet muel. He'd sure hav' sum sorter contrivance fer ter ride in. Then agin he sorter looks like the kind ov a feller ter me—he wudn't do no runnin' hisself, but I reckon he'd take keer o' his folks. Whut's this yere under the bench?—hell, a letter." He held it up to the light, in an effort to decipher the inscription. "Herman Slosser, Otterway, Illinoy—ter be held till called fer." Thet's it, Cap; thet's his name I'll bet ye; an' so we can't be so blamed fur from this yere Otterway fort. Good Lord! won't I be glad fer ter see it."

"Do you think it best to stop here?"

"Why not? 'Tain't likely them devils will be back agin. Thar sure must be somethin' fer us ter eat in the place, an' the Lord kno's we can't go on as we are. Them gurls be mighty nigh ready ter drop, an' two o' the hosses has plum giv' out. I'm fer liftin' this body out'r yere, an' settlin' down fer a few hours enyhow—say till it gits middling dark."

Undoubtedly this was the sensible view. We would be in far less danger remaining there under cover than in any attempt to continue our journey by daylight. Together we carried Slosser's body out, and deposited it in a thicket behind the cabin, awaiting burial; and then dragged the dead dog also out of sight. The disorder within was easily rectified, and, after this had been attended to, the girls were permitted to enter. Little was said to them, for they had seen enough with their own eyes to render the situation sufficiently clear, altho in truth both were so wearied with the night ride, and the strain of those hours of flight, as to be practically incapable of feeling any occurrence deeply. Horror after horror had followed us, until all sense of such things had become seared and deadened. The mind had reached the limit of endurance, and refused longer to respond. Even as I repeated briefly what it was we had discovered, and the conclusions drawn, their faces expressed only a dull comprehension, and they seemed rather to be struggling to even keep an appearance of interest. Eloise sank back on the bench, her head supported against the wall, the lashes of her half-closed eyes showing dark against the whiteness of her cheeks. She looked so pitifully tired, the very heart choked in my throat.

The rest of us found a small stock of provisions, and Elsie, with Tim to aid her, built a fire and prepared breakfast. A half-filled bottle of whisky discovered in the cupboard, helped to revive all of us slightly, and gave us a sufficient courage to seek outside for a spring. Tim, comparatively unwearied himself, and restless, located a trapdoor in the floor, rather ingeniously concealed, which disclosed the existence of a small cellar below. Candle in hand he explored this, returning with two guns, together with a quantity of powder and ball, and information that there remained a half-keg of the explosive hidden below.

"Must a bin aimin' ter blow up stumps, I reckon," he commented, exhibiting a sample. "Coarsest I ever saw; cudn't hardly use thet in no gun, but it's powder all right," and he crumbled the particles between his fingers, flinging the stuff into the fire.

To remove the debris out of the way, I was gathering up the straw tick and slit blankets, and piled them all together on the bed. Clinging to one of the blankets, caught and held by its pin, was a peculiar emblem, and I stood for a moment with it in my hand, curiously examining the odd design. Elois unclosed her eyes, and started to her feet.

"What is that you have?" she asked.

"A pin of some kind—a rather strange design; I just found it here, entangled in this blanket."

She took it from my hand, her eyes opening wide as she stared at the trinket.

"Why," she exclaimed in surprise, "I have seen one exactly like it before—Kirby wore it in his tie."

(This story will be concluded next week.)

"Cure Your Rupture Like I Cured Mine"

Old Sea Captain Cured His Own Rupture After Doctors Said "Operate or Death."

His Remedy and Book Sent Free.

Captain Collings sailed the seas for many years; then he sustained a bad double rupture that soon forced him to not only remain ashore, but kept him bedridden for years. He tried doctor after doctor and truss after truss. No results! Finally, he was assured that he must either submit to a dangerous and abhorrent operation or die. He **did neither!** He cured himself instead.

"Fellow Men and Women, You Don't Have To Be Cut Up, and You Don't Have To Be Tortured By Trusses."

Captain Collings made a study of himself, of his condition—and at last he was rewarded by the finding of the method that so quickly made him a well, strong, vigorous and happy man.

Anyone can use the same method; it's simple, easy, safe and inexpensive. Every ruptured person in the world should have the Captain Collings book, telling all about how he cured himself, and how anyone may follow the same treatment in their own home without any trouble. The book and medicine are FREE. They will be sent prepaid to any rupture sufferer who will fill out the below coupon. But send it right away—**now**—before you put down this paper.

FREE RUPTURE BOOK AND REMEDY COUPON.

Capt. W. A. Collings (Inc.)
Box 220E Watertown, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Rupture Remedy and Book without any obligation on my part whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Profiteers and Kickers.

"YOUR new-rich war profiteer," said President LaGuadia of the New York Board of Aldermen, "goes about with a chip on his shoulder. Very sensitive, you know. Always looking for slights.

"You've heard of the profiteer, I guess, who went into a fashionable restaurant, ordered ham and eggs, and then wanted to fight the waiter for offering him a napkin?

"'No, ye don't,' he said, waving the napkin away. 'I guess I know when to blow me nose without no hints from you.'

"There was another profiteer who selected a pair of $27 shoes in a Fifth avenue shoe shop the other day. He was about to try the shoes on, and, as he sat there in his stocking feet, the salesman sifted some powdered French chalk into them so that they would slip on easier, you know.

"Well, by jingo, when the profiteer saw that, he hopped up in a fury.

"'Say, freshy,' he yelled. 'If I can't try on a pair of shoes without havin' no chloride of lime sprinkled in 'em first, why, I'll do me buyin' elsewhere—see?"

* * *

The discovery of a corkscrew in the pocket of a prohibitionist might be termed circumstantial evidence.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN WANTED—NEW PATENTED gasoline gauge for Fords and Chevrolets—tells at night without light. Retails $1.00. $15.00 daily profit easy. A. E. Johnson, Sales Manager, 1410 W. 59th, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-163, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

MAKE BIG MONEY—BE INDEPENDENT. We want 200 men and women to take orders for Cresco raincoats. Quick sellers. Big demand. $16 clear profit on 4 orders per day. Agents make as high as $5,000 a year. Experience not necessary. Sample coat and outfit free. No delivering or collecting. Write us now and start on road to success. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. E, Ashland, Ohio.

AGENTS: REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT, NOT sold in stores. Two coats in one. Something brand new. Saves the price of expensive overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Big seller. Emil Thor made $134 in one week. We manufacture and make to measure. No capital required. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 609 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING MADAME Lily's Marcellene hair dressing and skin whitener soap to colored people. Takes like wild fire everywhere. Constant repeater. Cash in on some of this easy money. Write for our attractive proposition. Sent free. Address Tono-Scalpa Co., Inc., 1331 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

AGENTS: SELL FULL LINE OF GUARAN-teed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest line of silk hose. Often take orders for dozen pairs in one family. Permanent customers and repeat orders make you steady income. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 411, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: SALESMEN-DEALERS, HANDLE fastest selling automobile accessory ever invented. New, absolute, burn-proof timer for Fords. Manufactured by J. W. Johnson, inventor of the well known U. & J. carburetor. Timer guaranteed for ten years. Exclusive territory. Johnson Automatic Timer Corporation, 1325 Dept. B, Devon Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SELL WHAT MILLIONS WANT. NEW, wonderful Liberty portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique. Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

TAILORING AGENTS WANTED; LARGEST profits made selling our guaranteed tailoring. We ship free large and complete sample outfit showing over 200 samples. Write today for new 1921 line. Jay Rose Co., Dept. A, 411 S. Wells St., Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH-ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Orders in every home for our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. P 2, 425 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS: TO SELL NON ALCOHOLIC flavoring extracts, perfumes and everyday household necessities. Free particulars on how we start you in business. Brown Chemical Company, Dept. 201, St. Louis, Mo.

SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, B-131, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANS-formers. Every auto owner needs them. Save gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 222 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

$11.00 A DAY FOR 8 HOURS WORK. New Method—no capital required—no deliveries—no delays—just take orders and bank big profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 461, Chicago.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

SELL NECESSITIES; EVERYBODY NEEDS and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800 in 30 days. Send for sample; it's free. Nichols Co., Naperville, Ill., Dept. 8B.

WAR PICTURES—LARGE 22-28 INCHES —beautiful colors, 3 for $1.00. Crescent Portrait Studio, 1340 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ills.

CAN YOU SELL COLORED PEOPLE? Highly advertised toilet line; every woman buys. Kashmir Chemical Company, 3423 Indiana Avenue, Chicago.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR-ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT-est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

WE WILL START YOU IN THE CLEANING and dyeing business; little capital, big profits. Write for booklet. The Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 3, Charlotte, N. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM-12, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. BOYS- men. $45 weekly. Learn while earning. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 804, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN-necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 656 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE; $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

FREE SAMPLE TO REAL AGENTS; AN AR-ticle every civilized man needs; sell stores also; big profits. Bennett Bros., 7 Beverly St., Providence, R. I.

BECOME DETECTIVE—BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 E. 79th, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $200, later $300, railroads everywhere (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganer, former U. S. Govt. detective, 100 St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR-tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE-paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN-GIRLS, BECOME DRESS-GOWN designers. $150 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 854, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN WANTED TO CROCHET. NO CAN-vassing. Stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. Crochet Art Parlor, 517 Lycoming Street, Williamsport, Pa.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG—WE write the music, publish, and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 212, Chicago, Illinois.

WRITE A SONG POEM—I COMPOSE MU-sic and guarante publication. Send poem today. E. Hanson, 3810 Broadway, Room 113, Chicago.

HAVE YOU SONG POEMS? I HAVE BEST proposition. Ray Hibbeler, D45, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

OLD COINS

COLLECT OLD COINS FOR PLEASURE and profit. Send only 10c. Get large old U. S. copper cent, nearly size of half-dollar and illustrated coin catalogue. Send now. B. Max Mehl, Coin Dealer, Dept. Y, Mehl Building, Fort Worth, Texas.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

TEN MILLION DOLLARS ($10,000,000.00) profit produced from two wells at West Columbia, Texas, the Abrams No. 1 and the Hogg No. 49. We have production interest in 50 acres immediately adjoining Abrams and Hogg leases. Big acreage Montgomery County, well drilling within 800 feet of our land with oil seeping from it. Production and half million dollar lease at Sour Lake. Small capitalization, profit earning basis now. Big profits assured in near future. Most attractive oil investment in Texas with unimpeachable established reputation. Write for full particulars. No obligation. Conroe Oil Company, 200 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

MONTANA OIL ROYALTIES WILL MAKE you rich. No drilling expense. Write for free information. Jno. A. Martin, Aberdeen, So. Dak.

WILL YOU STAKE $10.00 IN OIL LEASE? May mean $10,000 in few months. Write for Folder A, Texoland, 626 Laughlin Bldg., Los Angeles.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. If you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

STODD'S LIVER PILLS. A NEW TREAT-ment for constipation, headaches and dizziness; a pure vegetable pill; 2 sizes, 50c and $1.00; mail order. Stodd's Pill Co., 1900 Foster Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE

21 JEWEL WATCH $4.99! ALL MAKES about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Rex Co., Andover, Ohio.

VIOLINS WITH OUTFITS ON EASY PAY-ments. Free trial. Write Miss Bertha Mardiss, Shawnee, Kansas.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

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MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE-stone, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

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FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

HUNTING DOGS

WRITE US FOR ALL KINDS OF HUNTING dogs and puppies. All dogs guaranteed and shipped on trial. Give us a trial. Enclose stamp for reply. Earl Hunt Kennels, Jackson, Tenn.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROY-alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

BE A PHOTOPLAY WRITER. EARN $50 weekly, spare time; experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Playwrights Co., 1275, St. Louis.

PERSONAL

CANADIAN MATRIMONIAL PAPER. BIG issue. Descriptions, names, addresses, 10c. A. McCreery, Publisher, Chatham, Ontario.

RETIRED RANCHMAN, 60, WITH $50,000, wants wife. Y-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WEALTHY YOUNG LADY WISHES TO correspond with gentleman under 60. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

YOUNG WIDOW, WEALTHY, WILL MARRY. H-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

CONTRACTOR, 30, WORTH $30,000, WOULD marry. J-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

LADY LAND OWNER, 30, WANTS HUS-band. B-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

PERSONAL—(Continued.)

TEST MY POWER — IF YOU WISH TO know what the future holds in store, how to overcome difficulties and attain success for the coming year, send 6c in stamps and birth date. I will send you a Psycho-astro Reading, pages of Messages, Astro Scientific Chart and my book, on success and how attained; my work is considered the best. Professor White, Dept. 99, 6633 Moneta Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish remarkable results as a rejuvenating, vitalizing tonic and health-builder for people of all ages. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Y.Z.)

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 31 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO-ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE there are fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 278A Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn. References: Commercial State Bank.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 23 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN TRY NRG TABLETS. THEY RE-kindle anew the fast dying fires; give strength and stamina. Absolutely guaranteed. You can't lose. Full month's treatment $2.00. Particulars free. Conover Sales Co., Distributors, 710 West 46th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN COR-respondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry; many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B520, Valley, Nebr.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY, WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

REMEDY. BED WETTING — BLADDER trouble. Use dependable harmless remedy. Get the benefit of our 20 years' experience, a package of Pen-Ine, and advice free. Missouri Remedy Co., Office 26, St. Louis, Mo.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL-ist, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary disorders, valuable information, send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY—WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberal guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 10, Marshall, Mich.

LONESOME? JOIN OUR CLUB! HUN-dreds delightful ladies belong! Enclose stamped envelope. Chicago Friendship Club, Box 749, Chicago, Illinois.

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